FIELD OF DREAMS

Based on the Novel

Shoeless Joe

by

W.P. Kinsella

Screenplay

by

Phil Alden Robinson

September 9, 1987
FINAL DRAFT

FADE IN

1 MONTAGE OF PHOTOS 1

RAY (V.O.)
My father's name was John Kinsella.

A faded, sepia shot of a dirty little kid on a farm.

RAY (V.O.)
It's an Irish name. He was born in North Dakota, in 1896....

Young man in doughboy uniform.

RAY (V.O.)
...and never saw a big city until he came back from France in 1918.

Chicago. Tenement. Comiskey Park. Ballgames.

RAY (V.O.)
He settled in Chicago, where he quickly learned to live and die with the White Sox. Died a little when they lost the 1919 World Series....

Newspaper headlines. Photo of Shoeless Joe Jackson.

RAY (V.O.)
...died a lot the following summer when eight members of the team were accused of throwing that Series.

Dad (a catcher) playing ball. At work. Weeding.

RAY (V.O.)
He played in the minors for a year or two, but nothing ever came of it. Moved to Brooklyn in '35, married Mom in '38, and was already an old man working at the Naval Yards when I was born in 1949.

Ray as an infant. With his father. In front of Ebbets Field in miniature Dodger uniform, etc.

RAY (V.O.)
My name's Ray Kinsella. Mom died when I was three, and I suppose Dad did the best he could. Instead of Mother Goose, I was put to bed at night to stories of

(MORE)

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED

RAY (Cont'd)
Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig...and the great Shoeless Joe Jackson. Dad was a Yankees fan then, so of course I rooted for Brooklyn. But in '58 the Dodgers moved away, so we had to find other things to fight about. We did. And when it came time to go to college, I picked the farthest one from home I could find.

Berkeley in the 1960s: hippies, protesters, etc.

RAY (V.O.)
This, of course, drove him right up the wall, which I suppose was the point. Officially my major was English, but really it was the Sixties.

Ray looking foolish in long hair and tie-dye.

RAY (V.O.)
I marched, I smoked some grass, I tried to like sitar music...and I met Annie.

Annie: blue jeans, T-shirt, freckles. Their courtship.

RAY (V.O.)
The only thing we had in common was that she came from Iowa and I had once heard of Iowa. We moved in together. After graduation, we moved to the Midwest, and stayed with her family as long as we could.

Unsmiling American Gothic types.

RAY (V.O.)
Almost a full afternoon.

The apartment, Ray at different jobs, the wedding.

RAY (V.O.)
We rented an apartment and I took a job selling insurance. I also drove a cab and worked in a pizza parlor. Dad died in June of '74. Annie and I got married that fall.

Baby pictures.

RAY (V.O.)
A few years later Karin was born. She smelled weird, but we loved her anyway. Then Annie got the crazy idea that she could talk me into buying a farm.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED (2)

Ray, Annie, and four-year-old Karin by the "SOLD" sign of their farm. Ray in a cornfield.

RAY (V.O.)
I'm thirty-eight years old and I'm about to become a farmer. I love my family, I love baseball, and I miss New York.

Moving in on Ray's face.

RAY (V.O.)
But until I heard The Voice...I'd never done a crazy thing in my whole life.

DISSOLVE TO

2 THE CORNFIELD - DUSK 2

It is dusk on a spring evening. The sky is a robin's-egg blue, and the wind is soft as a day-old chick. Ray Kinsella is working in the cornfield when a voice -- like that of a public address announcer -- speaks to him.

THE VOICE
'If you build it, he will come.'

Ray looks up and around, but sees nothing that could be the source of this sound. All around him are empty fields. He stands quietly for a few moments, then goes back to work.

THE VOICE
'If you build it, he will come.'

Ray jerks his head in all directions to see where this voice is coming from, but again, he sees nothing unusual -- just the furrowed fields and a few hundred feet away, the massive old farmhouse with a sagging veranda on three sides. On the north veranda is a wooden porch swing where Annie and Karin sit, sipping lemonade and dreaming.

RAY
(calls)
Annie, what was that?

ANNIE
(calls back)
What was what?

RAY
That voice.

ANNIE
What voice?

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

RAY
Just now. Like an announcement.

Annie confers briefly with Karin, then calls back to Ray.

ANNIE
We didn't hear anything.

RAY
Oh.

Ray thinks for a second, then shakes it off, trying to dislodge that thought from his mind, and gets back to work.

THE VOICE
'If you build it, he will come.'

Again, he bolts upright and looks around. Again, he sees nothing. This is beginning to bug him. He calls:

RAY
Okay, you must've heard <u>that</u>.

3 ON THE PORCH

Annie and Karin look at each other and exchange a shrug. Annie extends her arms palms upward, and calls to Ray.

ANNIE
Sorry. Come on. Dinner.

Annie leads Karin inside.

4 IN THE FIELD

Ray looks all around him with an "Okay, fellas, what's the joke?" look on his face. But there is no one there. He puts down his tools and walks toward the house.

5 INT. KITCHEN

Ray enters, looks at his wife skeptically and joins his wife and daughter setting the table.

RAY
Was there like a sound truck on the highway, or something?

ANNIE
Nope.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED 5

RAY
Kids with a radio?

ANNIE
Nope. You really hearing voices?

RAY
Just one.

ANNIE
Ah. God?

RAY
More like a...ballpark announcer.

Annie shoots him an "Are you kidding?" look. Ray responds with a shrug. They sit down to eat.

ANNIE
What'd it say?

RAY
'If you build it, he will come.'

ANNIE
If you build <u>what</u>, <u>who</u> will come?

RAY
(shrugs)
He didn't say.

ANNIE
Ooh, I hate it when that happens.

RAY
Me too.

CUT TO

6 RAY AND ANNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

They are snuggled together, asleep. All is quiet. Then:

THE VOICE
'If you build it, he will come.'

Ray's eyes pop open. He looks at Annie, who does not stir. Without moving, he looks around the room. There is no one there. Very quietly, he crosses to the window and looks out. He whispers out toward the cornfield:

RAY
Build what? For who?

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

Behind him, Annie stirs.

ANNIE
Ray?

RAY
It's okay, honey, I'm just...talking to the cornfield.

He sighs and goes back to bed. Annie cuddles up to him. Her eyes are closed, but Ray's eyes remain open. He is puzzled and concerned.

CUT TO

7 TELEVISION SCREEN

A scene from the 1950 movie Harvey, in which James Stewart insists he is conversing with an invisible rabbit.

8 RAY AND ANNIE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Little Karin is watching Harvey while she eats her breakfast. Ray enters, looking like he had very little sleep, and promptly turns the TV set off.

KARIN
Why'd you do that? It was funny.

RAY
Trust me, Karin, it's not funny. The man is sick. He's very sick.

Annie enters, putting on her coat.

ANNIE
Karin, if you're finished, get your coat and school bag. Let's go.

Karin bolts from the table.

RAY
Uh honey, I'll take her today. I've got some errands in town.

ANNIE
Far out.

She takes off her coat and kisses Ray as he takes the car keys and heads outside. Annie sits at the kitchen table.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

ANNIE
What if the voice calls while you're gone?

RAY
Take a message.

ANNIE
Right.

He exits. She grins, turns on the TV and watches Harvey.

CUT TO

9 EXT. IOWA CITY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY 9

Ray's car pulls up, Karin runs out and Ray drives off.

CUT TO

10 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY 10

Ray is plugged into some weird-looking contraption, having his hearing examined. Then the Doctor shines a penlight into his eyes, shrugs, and starts putting his gear away.

DOCTOR
Well, I can't find anything wrong. I could recommend a shrink, but hey, people hear things all the time. I heard a voice once. I was still living with my parents, then. They worked in the circus, so I was raised in the circus, and I was training to be a clown. This one day, I'm putting on my little red nose and I hear a voice, tells me to go to medical school. Here I am.

Ray is not sure if he should ignore this or run.

CUT TO

11 FARM SUPPLY STORE - DAY 11

Farmers are loading up with seed, fertilizer, and other farmer stuff. This is the kind of place where people also linger to exchange gossip, swap lies, and pass the time.

Ray is off to one side, chewing the fat with an old-timer.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED 11

RAY
In all those years, did you ever...
(searches)
I've heard that sometimes farmers out in the field...hear things. Voices.

OLD-TIMER
You hearing voices?

RAY
(quickly)
No. It's just that I heard some farmers do, and...I, of course, don't, so I was wondering if I was doing something wrong, or something. Did you ever hear voices out there?

CASHIER
(calls from her cash register)
Who's hearing voices?

OLD-TIMER
Ray is. Out in the fields.

Now, everyone in the store turns to look at Ray.

RAY
No! No, I'm not. Really.

But the people still stare. Ray addresses them.

RAY
Noises! That darn tractor, it's...
(forces a nervous laugh)
Well, I'll just get some 3-in-1 oil, that should...
(to the Old-Timer)
Nice talking to you.

CUT TO

12 RAY'S FARM - DAY 12

Ray is out in the fields again, hard at work. A breeze picks up. He stops for a moment, cocks an ear and looks around. All he sees are the empty fields. Insects make the only sounds. He goes back to work. Then:

THE VOICE
'If you build it, he will come.'

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED 12

He throws his tools down angrily and looks all around, but there is no apparent source of the voice. Ray is pissed.

RAY
All right, who are you, and what the hell do you want from me?!?

All he hears is a faraway echo.

THE VOICE
'If you build it, he will come.'

This is serious. Ray shakes his head and repeats the words to himself.

RAY
If you build it....

As he thinks about these words, some unexplained impulse causes Ray to turn his head deliberately toward a portion of the cornfield between him and the house.

FLASH CUT

13 A BASEBALL FIELD 13

For the briefest of moments, the dreamlike image of a baseball field at night, illuminated by floodlights, flares in over the lawn. Standing on the edge of the field, is the figure of a man with his back to us. Before we can see anything else, the image disappears.

14 RAY 14

Ray's eyes widen.

RAY
...he will come.

FLASH CUT

15 THE MAN AND THE FIELD 15

The dream image flares in again, this time closer to the man. He stands in the middle distance, silhouetted by the lights, and we see he is wearing a uniform of some kind. He starts to turn slowly towards us, but before we can see his face, the image disappears.

16 CLOSE ON RAY 16

Ray's mouth opens. He half-laughs, as if to say "This can't be." But whatever is in his mind won't go away.

RAY
...he will come.

FLASH CUT

17 THE MAN 17

Now we see him in head-and-shoulders. He has the muscular neck of an athlete. As he slowly turns we start to see a bit of his weathered face before the image flares out.

18 RAY 18

Wheels are turning inside his head. He is trying to figure all this out. In the distance, a bell is ringing. He looks O.S.

19 EXT. HOUSE - DUSK 19

Annie is on the veranda ringing the dinner bell hanging by the front door.

ANNIE
Yo, Ray! Food!

20 HER POINT OF VIEW - THE FIELDS 20

We see Ray emerge slowly from the fields, the twilit sky changing colors behind him.

21 THE VERANDA 21

Annie leans against a post, lazily watching Ray approach. She likes how he moves, and how he looks.

ANNIE
Hiya, cutie.

Ray climbs up the steps, accepts her kiss, and instead of following her into the house, pulls her down with him onto the swing. He takes her hand and looks into her eyes.

RAY
Annie....

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED 21

ANNIE
(playing along)
Ray....

RAY
You're not going to believe this....

ANNIE
You heard the voice again.

RAY
Wait, this gets better. I just saw a vision.

ANNIE
Get out of here!

RAY
I swear to God. An actual vision.

ANNIE
We're going to have to burn you at the stake if this keeps up.

RAY
I know.

CUT TO

22 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT 22

The family is eating dinner. Ray seems lost in thought.

ANNIE
Hey, you don't suppose this could be like an acid flashback, do you?

RAY
I never took acid.

ANNIE
Maybe you will someday, and it's a flash forward.

RAY
Annie, there's more.

ANNIE
You're subscribing to the Enquirer.

RAY
I think I know what 'If you build it, he will come' means.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED 22

ANNIE
Oooh, why do I not think this is a good thing?

RAY
I think it means if I build a baseball field out there, Shoeless Joe Jackson will get to come back and play ball again.

ANNIE
You're kidding.

RAY
Uh uh.

She whistles. This is serious.

RAY
Yeah.

CUT TO

23 INT. KARIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 23

Ray and Annie are putting little Karin to bed.

ANNIE
Boy, I thought my family was crazy, but this...this is the craziest thing I've ever heard.

RAY
I know. It's totally nuts.

ANNIE
I mean, Shoeless Joe, he's....

RAY
(nods)
Died in '51.

ANNIE
And he's the one they suspended, right?

RAY
Right.

ANNIE
He still dead?

RAY
Far as I know.

CUT TO

24 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 24

Ray and Annie in their pajamas, brushing their teeth, getting ready for bed.

ANNIE
You know what amazes me? No one could ever get you to believe in astrology, or ESP, or reincarnation, or heaven, or any of that stuff. But this...I think this shows real personal growth, Ray.

RAY
Thank you.

Annie smiles, but sees that Ray is troubled. She hugs him.

ANNIE
Oh, sweetie. I hope you know that even though I make jokes, I'm going to visit you every month wherever they put you.

He offers her a weak smile and exits.

CUT TO

25 INT. RAY AND ANNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 25

It is dark. For a few seconds it is quiet. Then:

RAY
Did you know Babe Ruth copied his swing?

ANNIE
If I did, I'd forgotten it.

Ray sits up in the dark.

RAY
I always felt cheated I never got to see him play. He was supposed to be so graceful, and agile. So to actually get to see him play again...to let him play again, to right an old wrong....

He shakes his head in wonder just to think of it. Annie turns on the light.

ANNIE
Wait a minute, Bosco. Are you actually thinking of doing this?

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED 25

RAY
No.
(then)
I mean, I can't think of one good reason why I should, but...
(takes a breath)
I'm thirty-eight years old, I have a wife, a child, and a mortgage, and I'm scared to death I'm turning into my father.

ANNIE
What's your father got to do with this?

Ray tries to picture his father in his mind. He speaks softly, but the words obviously have a great deal of meaning for him.

RAY
I never forgave him for getting old. By the time he was as old as I am now, he was ancient. He must have had dreams, but he never did anything about them. For all I know, he may have even heard voices, too, but he sure didn't listen to them. The man never did one spontaneous thing in all the years I knew him. Annie, I'm scared that that's what growing up means. I'm afraid of that happening to me. And something tells me this may be my last chance to do something about it.
(looks at her)
I want to build that field. Do you think I'm crazy?

She looks at him with great understanding.

ANNIE
Yes.

He smiles wanly. She touches his face lovingly.

ANNIE
I also think that if you feel you really have to do this...then you should do it.

They hold each other's gaze, and Ray cannot remember when he has loved her so much. He takes her in his arms. Outside their window, the field of corn lies waiting.

CUT TO

26 THE CORNFIELD - DAY 26

Stalks of corn wave slowly in the breeze. A bee buzzes near one. The light is yellow. Suddenly, the stalks bend violently to the ground as Ray's tractor plows them under.

27 ON THE TRACTOR 27

Ray drives, Karin rides shotgun, holding the large detailed diagram Ray has drawn of the ballpark's dimensions.

RAY
Ty Cobb called him the greatest left fielder of all time. His glove was called 'the place where triples go to die.'

28 HIGH ANGLE 28

The tractor turns to plow under more corn, and we can see the size of the area Ray has staked off with marker sticks.

KARIN (V.O.)
Could he hit?

RAY (V.O.)
Lifetime .356 average. Third highest in history.

Karin whistles.

29 ANOTHER ANGLE 29

By the side of the road, an old man and woman stand and watch these neighbors plow under their corn. They look at each other as if to say "Could it be Communists?"

KARIN (V.O.)
Why'd they called him Shoeless Joe?

30 SEEDING THE FIELD - DAY 30

It is days later, an area the size of a baseball field has been plowed under, and Ray is seeding it.

RAY (V.O.)
When he was still in the minors, he bought a new pair of spikes and they hurt his feet. About the sixth inning he took them off and played the outfield in just his socks. The other players kidded him, called him Shoeless Joe, and the name stuck.

31 WATERING THE GRASS - NIGHT 31

We can see roughly where the grass has been planted, and where the dirt will be smoothed out for the base paths. Ray stands stock-still in the moonlight, water hose in hand, patiently misting the baby grass, little Karin at his side.

RAY (V.O.)
Then in 1919, his team, the Chicago White Sox, threw the World Series.

KARIN (V.O.)
What's 'threw'?

RAY (V.O.)
They lost it on purpose. Gamblers paid them to.

32 SIDE OF THE ROAD 32

Now, dozens of families stand to watch silent and dumb-eyed, at what has obviously become a daily spectacle among the townspeople. Some snap photos.

RAY (V.O.)
Except Shoeless Joe.

33 SMOOTHING OUT THE FIELD - DAY 33

Ray smooths out the base paths with a large roller, as Annie and Karin follow behind with rakes. On either side of the base paths, the infield and outfield grass is growing.

RAY (V.O.)
Nobody could prove anything one way or another, but he was the one guy who probably wasn't in on it.

34 INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY 34

Ray, Annie and Karin wait as the cashier totals up their load of lumber and hardware.

RAY
I mean if he was supposed to be throwing it, how do you explain the fact he hit .375 for the series and didn't commit one error? Huh?

KARIN
I can't.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED 34

RAY
Twelve hits, including the series' only home run. And they said he was trying to lose!

KARIN
It's ridiculous.

CASHIER
That's 855 dollars, sixty-four cents.

From O.S., we hear oooh. Ray turns and notices for the first time that a crowd of spectators -- employees and customers -- has been watching him and whispering among themselves. They look at him as if he had two heads.

Ray turns his attention back to writing a check for his purchases. He deadpans to Annie:

RAY
We'd better notify Mars to send us more money.

ANNIE
(equally deadpan)
Remlak won't like that.

RAY
That's his problem. And tell him to make it in Earth dollars this time.

Ray hands over the check to the open-mouthed cashier.

RAY
Thank you. Have a nice day.

Ray and Annie turn and leave with Karin. The farmers watch, obviously trying hard to figure this one out.

CUT TO

35 BUILDING THE OUTFIELD WALL - DAY 35

Ray hammers the braces that will support the outfield wall. Karin hands him nails from a bag she wears around her neck.

RAY (V.O.)
There's a famous story about when he came out of the courtroom, a kid ran up to him, tugged his sleeve and said 'Say it ain't so, Joe.' And Jackson looked down t him and said 'I'm afraid it is, kid.'

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED 35

KARIN
Then what happened?

36 BUILDING THE BLEACHERS 36

Annie helps Ray lift a board to what will be the top row.

RAY
The Commissioner of Baseball suspended eight of the players -- including the great Shoeless Joe Jackson -- for life.

KARIN
What's suspend?

RAY
They never let him play the game again.

They continue to work in silence.

CUT TO

37 INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE 37

Ray writes a check for his purchases: bats, balls, bases pitcher's rubber, home plate, etc. He appears slightly annoyed that once again, he is being stared at by all the uniformed employees of the store. He turns to catch the Store Owner staring at him the most intently.

RAY
What. What!

STORE OWNER
You're the fella that plowed under your corn and built a baseball diamond, right?

RAY
Yeah. What about it?

STORE OWNER
(shakes his hand)
Greatest damn thing I ever heard.

The other employees beam their agreement.

RAY
At these prices, I'm not surprised.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED 37

He wheels his shopping cart of sporting goods out through a gauntlet of approving salesmen. They smile and pat him on the back. Ray cannot decide if they're crazier than he is.

RAY
Thank you...thank you....

CUT TO

38 THE LIGHT STANDARD - NIGHT 38

Atop the aluminum-painted poles, an array of store-bought floodlights switch on, flaring against the blue-black sky. In this sharp white light the grass glows parrot green, cool as mint, soft as a cashmere blanket. Annie and Karin watch as Ray puts down the clean white bases, which pick up the light like little moons on a cold, clear night.

RAY
My father said he saw him years later playing under a made-up name in some tenth-rate league in Carolina. He'd put on fifty pounds, and the spring was gone from his step, but he could still hit. Dad used to say no one could hit like Shoeless Joe.

Ray is smiling wistfully.

ANNIE
That's the first time I've ever seen you smile as you mentioned your father.

Ray considers that.

KARIN
How come?

ANNIE
Come on, you. Bed time.

Annie hoists Karin on her shoulders with a grunt, and the three climb their way down the bleachers. Ray's hand steadies Annie as she takes one of the steps.

RAY
Careful....

Moonlight butters the Iowa night. They walk along the side of the field, and Ray stops. He looks at the field.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED 38

RAY
I have just created something totally illogical.

ANNIE
That's what I like about it.

RAY
Am I completely nuts?

ANNIE
Not completely.

She looks out over the baseball field.

ANNIE
It's a good baseball field, Ray.

RAY
It is kinda pretty, isn't it?

Annie smiles at him and carries Karin inside. Ray steps onto the porch and flicks the switch shutting off the floodlights over the field.

CUT TO

39 RAY AND ANNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 39

Annie opens her eyes and sees Ray not beside her in bed, but in th window seat, looking out at the empty field. Barely awake, she gets out of bed, shuffles to his side and curls up against him.

ANNIE
Any sign?

RAY
Something's going to happen out there. I can feel it.

Annie lowers her head against his chest and goes back to sleep. Outside, the trees are fully leafed.

DISSOLVE TO

40 RAY'S BASEBALL FIELD - OCTOBER 40

The trees are almost bare now, and there's a Halloween pumpkin in the front window of the house. The cornstalks

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED 40

rustle like crumpling paper in the Indian-summer breeze which blows fallen leaves across the empty baseball field while Ray sits in the stands...waiting.

DISSOLVE TO

41 THE BASEBALL FIELD - LATE DECEMBER 41

It is covered with snow.

42 INT. RAY AND ANNIE'S HOUSE 42

Ray looks forlornly out the living room window towards his snow-covered baseball field, the merrily blinking lights of the Christmas tree behind him belying his true mood.

DISSOLVE TO

43 SPRINGTIME - DAY 43

A baby robin tries to pull a worm out of the ground. Inside the house, Annie is doing spring cleaning. She looks out the window to see:

44 THE BASEBALL FIELD 44

Ray mowing the outfield grass. He stops, looks around, listens, hears nothing, and continues mowing.

45 ANNIE 45

just watches him.

CUT TO

46 TV SCREEN 46

We see the first exhibition game of spring training from Florida, as the announcer talks about a "southpaw" pitcher.

47 INT. RAY AND ANNIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 47

Little Karin watches the TV, while Annie and Ray sit at the living room table, financial ledgers spread out before them as they struggle with their accounts.

KARIN
Daddy, what's a southpaw?

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED 47

RAY
A left-handed pitcher.
(to Annie)
How bad is it?

ANNIE
Well, given how much less acreage we have for corn, I'd say we'll probably ...almost break even.

RAY
Jesus.

ANNIE
We've spent all our savings on that field.

KARIN (O.S.)
Daddy....

RAY
Just a minute, Karin.
(to Annie)
So what are you saying? We can't keep the field?

ANNIE
(sadly)
It makes it real hard to keep the farm, Ray.

Ray closes his eyes.

KARIN (O.S.)
Daddy....

RAY
(a little testy)
In a minute, Karin.

KARIN (O.S.)
There's a man out there on your lawn.

Ray opens his eyes and turns to see Karin kneeling on the kitchen counter, looking out the window. Ray and Annie exchange a quick glance, and Ray walks to the window.

48 EXT. THE WINDOW 48

seen from outside, as Ray's head appears and looks out. He sees something out there and just looks at it.

49 RAY'S POINT OF VIEW 49

There is a Man standing on the edge of the baseball field. He is wearing a baseball uniform. An old-fashioned one.

50 INT. HOUSE 50

Ray turns to Annie. She looks out and nods thoughtfully. Annie stays very calm in emergencies.

ANNIE
We'll put up some coffee. You go ahead.

Ray takes a breath and steps out onto the veranda. The night sky seems close enough to touch.

51 EXT. HOUSE 51

On the porch wall, Ray finds the switch, holds his breath, flicks it and the floodlights sputter to life.

52 THE MAN 52

steps onto the field. On his uniform is a large "S" with an "O" in the top crook, an "X" in the bottom, and an American flag with forty-eight stars on his left sleeve.

53 RAY 53

walks through the swirling ground mist toward the field.

54 RAY'S POINT OF VIEW 54

Moving closer to the field we see the Man standing out in left field. Feet spread wide, body bent forward from the waist, hands on hips, he waits.

55 RAY 55

Ray's mouth is dry. He reaches home plate and picks up one of the bats lying beside the pail of hard balls. The back of his neck tingles. Then, he picks up one of the balls.

56 IN THE OUTFIELD 56

The Man spreads his feet, pounds his small, old-style glove, and waits to field the ball.

57 AT HOME PLATE 57

Ray tosses the ball a few feet into the air and swings at it. And misses. His face reddens, he clears his throat, and tries again. This time he connects.

58 THE FIELD 58

He has hit a grounder that would be easily fielded by a shortstop had there been one, but it bounces through and falls into left field. The Man runs in for it, scoops it up cleanly and throws it back to the plate.

Ray is thrilled. He hits another ground ball, and this too, is fielded cleanly. Then another, which the Man deftly short-hops. Ray hollers out to him.

RAY
How's the field play?

THE MAN
It's good. The ball bounces true.

Ray smiles with pride. He tosses up another ball, gives it his best swing, and is thrilled to see he has actually lofted one into the air. But into center field. The Man sprints across the outfield, and makes a lovely catch in short center. Instead of throwing the ball in, the Man runs it in, loping toward home plate. Ray's heart thumps.

RAY
Hi.

The Man nods at him, takes the bat, and tests it to feel its weight.

RAY
Ray Kinsella.

THE MAN
Joe Jackson.

Ray is thrilled to hear the words spoken. It is Shoeless Joe Jackson after all, who stands not five feet away from him, trying out all the bats now. Ray isn't quite sure if he should talk, or ask questions, or just stand there. Finally, he can't help himself.

RAY
I bet it's good to be playing again, huh?

SHOELESS JOE
It was like having part of me amputated.

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED 58

Joe looks over at Ray, now, his dark eyes evincing the pain his steady voice tries to conceal.

SHOELESS JOE
I've heard that old man wake up and scratch itchy legs that've been dust for fifty years. That was me. I'd wake up in the night with the smell of the ballpark in my nose and the cool of the grass on my feet. The thrill of the grass....

He has found the bat he likes.

SHOELESS JOE
Can you pitch?

RAY
(with false modesty)
Yeah, I'm not bad.

Joe hands Ray the bucket of balls. Ray can barely contain his excitement as he races to the mound. He stands on the rubber and faces Joe at the plate.

RAY
Don't we need a catcher?

SHOELESS JOE
Not if you can get it near the plate, we don't.

Ray smiles, takes a breath and starts his windup, during which he says aloud to himself:

RAY
I am pitching to Shoeless Joe Jackson.

He makes a pitch. It's not a very good one, and Joe has to step across the plate to make contact, but his swing is graceful, compact and effortlessly powerful. He drives the ball against the fence.

Ray watches it with wonder and when he turns back, Jackson is gesturing with the bat for him to make the next pitch. Ray makes the standard pitcher's gesture for a curve ball.

RAY
See if you can hit my curve.

He goes into an elaborate windup, throws it, it does not curve much, and Jackson whistles it right by Ray's ear.

CONTINUED

58 - CONTINUED (2) 58

RAY
Yes, he can hit the curve.

SHOELESS JOE
Stick with fast balls, kid.

RAY
You bet.

Ray makes another pitch, and Jackson hits a line drive down the third base line. Then a smoker down the first base line. Ray is mightily impressed.

RAY
Wow.

SHOELESS JOE
Damn, this feels good. Put it right here, huh?

Joe holds the bat out low over the plate and Ray pitches it reasonably close to that spot. Jackson hits it out of the park, and beams. Ray brightens up with remembrance.

RAY
Right, you were a low ball hitter.

SHOELESS JOE
Oh man, I did love this game. You know, I'd have played for food money. It was the game, the sounds, the smells. You ever held a glove or a ball to your face?

Ray smiles as he walks in from the mound.

RAY
Yeah.

SHOELESS JOE
And it was riding the trains from town to town. And the hotels with brass spittoons in the lobbies and brass beds in the rooms. And it was the crowd getting to their feet when the ball was hit deep. Shoot, I'd have played for free.

The sound of a screen door turns their attention to the house. Annie and Karin are coming out to them.

RAY
My family.

Jackson nods and then points to the floodlights.

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED (3) 58

SHOELESS JOE
What's with the lights?

RAY
All the stadiums have them now except Wrigley Field.

SHOELESS JOE
Makes it harder to see the ball.

RAY
The owners found that more people could attend night games.

SHOELESS JOE
(shakes head)
Owners....

By now, Annie and Karin have joined them.

RAY
Mr. Jackson: my wife Annie, my daughter Karin.

SHOELESS JOE
Joe. Ma'm...
(shakes Annie's hand and winks at Karin)
Hi.

KARIN
Are you a ghost?

Ray and Annie are instantly embarrassed, and try to cover with forced, nervous laughter.

RAY
Karin...
(to Shoeless Joe)
She's just kidding.

SHOELESS JOE
It's okay.
(to Karin)
What do you think?

KARIN
You look real to me.

SHOELESS JOE
Then I guess I'm real.

ANNIE
Would you like to come inside?

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED (4) 58

SHOELESS JOE
Uh, thanks, but...I don't think I can.

Ray and Annie look at Joe for a moment, not quite understanding the ground rules here. Joe senses their discomfort and changes the subject.

SHOELESS JOE
Hey, can I come back again?

RAY
Yeah. I built this for you.

SHOELESS JOE
There are others, you know. There were eight of us. It'd sure mean a lot to them.

RAY
Oh man, anytime. They're all welcome here.

Joe looks out over the field in eager anticipation of the good times to come.

SHOELESS JOE
Thank you, Ray. I appreciate it. See you later, huh?

RAY
Yeah. See you later.

KARIN
Say it ain't so, Joe!

Joe laughs and walks to the outfield. Annie puts her arm around Ray and snuggles her head against his chest. Nearby, brook water splashes softly in the darkness, a frog shrills, and fireflies dazzle the night.

Joe is in the outfield grass now, walking toward a door cut into the fence.

ANNIE
Where's he going?

RAY
(smiling)
Through that door in the fence.

ANNIE
Since when is there a door in the fence?

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED (5) 58

RAY
(smiling even more broadly)
I don't know. I didn't put one there.

Joe reaches the door, opens it, and turns back to Ray, his voice carrying effortlessly through the night air.

SHOELESS JOE
Hey! Is this heaven?

RAY
No. It's Iowa.

Shoeless Joe Jackson nods and fades away as he walks through the door in the fence. Ray and Annie looks at each other in absolute wonder.

RAY
We're keeping this field.

ANNIE
You bet your ass we are.

CUT TO

59 INT. RAY AND ANNIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 59

MARK
You're going to lose your farm, pal.

It is Sunday afternoon, and Annie's family is visiting. her mother, pink-faced and white-dentured, sits ramrod straight in an antique rocking chair. Also present are her brother, Mark, and his wife Dee.

RAY
Come on, it's so big. How can you lose something so big?

ANNIE
You misplaced the house once.

RAY
Yeah, but it turned up two days later, didn't it?

MARK
Ray, this stupid baseball field is going to bankrupt you. Everybody knows it. All I'm saying is if you wait till you default on your loan, you lose everything. Sell now, my partners'll

(MORE)

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED 59

MARK (Cont'd)
give you a more than a fair price and you walk away with a nest egg.

RAY
Thanks, Mark, but no.

MARK
What are you holding on to this place for? You've never even liked Iowa. You don't like farming, you don't know the first thing about it ---

RAY
Hey, I know a lot more about farming than you think.

MARK
How could you plow under your major crop?

RAY
(to Annie)
What's a crop?

Karin enters breathlessly.

KARIN
Daddy, the baseball game is on.

Ray beams. Karin returns the smile and reaches her arms out to be picked up. She scissors her legs around her father at belt level, hugging his neck.

RAY
Excuse us.

He exits, carrying Karin. Mark shakes his head.

MARK
I don't believe this guy. I'm trying to bail him out and he goes off to watch television.

Annie stifles a laugh.

MARK
He used to be so normal.

MOTHER
Does he beat you?

ANNIE
What???

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED (2) 59

MARK
He's drinking, right?

ANNIE
He doesn't drink, and he doesn't beat me, okay? Now I'll grant you, he has gotten me to worship Satan with him, but just a little.

Her mother gasps.

ANNIE
Kidding...I'm kidding!

Her family has no sense of humor about this whatsoever.

ANNIE
I think we need more cheese.

She goes into the kitchen, and when she has rounded the corner, she raises her eyes to heaven and mutters:

ANNIE
Families.

60 THE FIELD 60

Karin and Ray sit on the bleachers, eating peanuts while Shoeless Joe and his seven teammates practice. (Three, including Shoeless Joe, are in the outfield, two more in the infield, one pitches, one catches, and one bats.)

The men are all in their twenties or thirties, but show the sheer enjoyment of returning after an absence of sixty-five years to the game they love.

Ray directs Karin's attention to the left fielder.

RAY
Watch Joe. Watch his feet as the pitcher gets the sign and starts to pitch. A good left fielder knows what pitch is coming, and he can tell from the angle of the bat where the ball's going to be hit.

At the sharp crack of the bat Shoeless Joe whirls, takes five loping strides toward the fence, turns again, reaches up, and the ball smacks into his glove.

Karin cheers. One of the players good-naturedly boos.

HAPPY FELSCH
Showoff!

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED 60

BUCK WEAVER
Aw, stick it in your ear, Felsch.

EDDIE CICOTTE
Yeah, if you'd run like that against Detroit I'da won twenty games that year.

HAPPY FELSCH
Oh for Pete's sake, that was sixty-five years ago! Give it up, will ya....

SWEDE RISBERG
Hey, you guys wanna play ball, or what?

HAPPY FELSCH
...you muscle-bound jerk.

EDDIE CICOTTE
Oh yeah? At least I got muscles.

HAPPY FELSCH
No. At most you got muscles.

BUCK WEAVER
Come on, asshole, pitch!

The good-natured banter stops short, and the other players glare at Weaver who looks sheepishly toward the little girl and her father in the bleachers.

BUCK WEAVER
Sorry, kid.

KARIN
It's okay!

PLAYERS
All right, Karin!

The players resume their practicing and ribbing.

61 EXT. HOUSE 61

Annie emerges with her Mother, Mark and Dee, walking toward the bleachers where Karin and Ray are still watching the spirited practice.

ANNIE
Ray? Mom's leaving.

RAY
Oh. Well, it was...you know, thanks for coming.

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED 61

MARK
Think about what I said. I just want to help.

RAY
I know.

Mark just stands there for a moment, the only sounds coming from the players on the field.

MARK
I thought you two were going to watch some game.

RAY
Oh, I guess it's not really a game. It's more like a practice.

Mark looks at his wife and Mother with concern. Ray doesn't understand this reaction.

RAY
See, there's only eight of them, so they can't play a real game....

MARK
Eight of what?

Ray points to the noisy players on the field.

RAY
Them.

Now, Mother and Dee look as if they're about to go into mourning. Mark kneels next to Karin.

MARK
Karin honey...what are you watching?

KARIN
The baseball men.

MARK
Do you see any baseball men right now?

KARIN
(slightly annoyed)
Of course I do.

Mark stands up and shoots Ray an accusing look. Annie's Mother starts to walk away.

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED (2) 61

MOTHER
I don't think it's very polite to try to make other people feel stupid.

Annie questions Mark and Dee as they pass her on the way to catch up with Mother.

ANNIE
You don't see it?

DEE
That's not funny, Annie.

Her family leaves in a huff.

ANNIE
They couldn't see it.

RAY
Interesting.

He and Annie sit beside Karin and watch the players. Each slowly starts to smile.

CUT TO

62 ON THE FIELD - LATER 62

The practice is over, the players are perspired and exhilarated. Ray is over at first base talking with Swede Risberg, the shortstop.

SWEDE RISBERG
Here, look at this. Sixty-five years since I worn this uniform, still fits me like a glove.

RAY
You must keep in pretty good shape.

SWEDE RISBERG
(nods)
I died in '75. So I ain't had a cigarette in, what, thirteen years. You don't smoke, do you?

RAY
No.

SHOELESS JOE
(approaching)
Felt good out there today, huh, guys?

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED 62

BUCK WEAVER
Fuckin' A!

PLAYERS
Weaver!

Buck realizes that once again he has cursed in front of Karin.

WEAVER
Oh shit. I mean, sorry. I'm sorry.

Annie calls from the house.

ANNIE
Ray! Dinner!

SOME OF THE PLAYERS
(falsetto)
Ra--ay! Dinner!

They all laugh. Ray clearly loves being part of this locker room-style comradery. Karin runs to the house.

SHOELESS JOE
Come on, fellas. Let's hit the showers.
(to Ray)
See you later, Ray.

RAY
Right. See you guys.

The players call their "good-byes" to Ray and head for the door in the outfield fence. Ray watches them face out as they go through the door. Then he takes a moment to look around him.

The baseball diamond set in the cornfield is quite beautiful. Ray takes a satisfied breath, and walks back toward his house. He is the very picture of contentment.

Then he hears The Voice.

THE VOICE
'Ease his pain.'

Ray stops short.

RAY
What?

No response.

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED (2) 62

RAY
I'm sorry. I didn't understand.

THE VOICE
'Ease his pain.'

Ray stops short.

RAY
What?

No response.

RAY
I'm sorry. I didn't understand.

THE VOICE
'Ease his pain.'

RAY
Whose pain? What pain?

No response.

RAY
Why me?

But there is no response.

63 INT. HOUSE 63

Ray enters as Annie and Karin are putting dinner on the table. Ray plops into his chair at the head of the table.

ANNIE
Come on, wash up. We've got a PTA meeting after dinner. They're talking about banning books again. Really subversive books like, Wizard of Oz, Diary of Anne Frank ---

She notices Ray is strangely silent.

ANNIE
What happened to you?

RAY
The Voice is back.

ANNIE
Oh Lord, you don't have to build a football field now, do you?

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED 63

RAY
(shakes head no)
He said...'Ease his pain.'

ANNIE
Ease whose pain?

RAY
I asked him. He wouldn't tell me.

ANNIE
Shoeless Joe's?

RAY
I don't think so.

ANNIE
One of the other players?

RAY
I don't think so.

ANNIE
This is a very non-specific voice you've got out there, Ray, and he's really starting to piss me off.

Ray nods as Annie serves the meal in silence.

CUT TO

64 EXT. IOWA CITY PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING - NIGHT 64

Parents stream in past the "PTA Meeting Tonite" sign. Ray and Annie stand by the doorway, talking with Miss Corser, Karin's teacher. (Ray is too distracted by his own thoughts to pay this much attention.)

MISS CORSER
Karin has such a wonderful imagination. Lately, she's been making up these charming little stories about ghosts who play baseball in a cornfield...wonderful imagination.

ANNIE
(with a mysterious smile)
Yes. She gets that from Ray.

Miss Corser smiles approvingly. Ray realizes both women are looking at him, now, and he emerges from his thoughts.

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED 64

RAY
Hmm?

Annie leads Ray inside.

65 INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - NIGHT 65

Ray and Annie -- along with a hundred or so other grownups -- are sitting in chairs too small for their grownup backsides. Ray is still lost in his own thoughts, doodling "Ease his pain" over and over again, while an Irate Mother has the floor, holding up a novel.

IRATE MOTHER
..and I say smut and filth like this has no place in our schools!

A large portion of the audience applauds. Annie whispers snarlingly to Ray:

ANNIE
Fascist. I'd like to ease her pain.

Ray is still lost in thought.

PRINCIPAL
Mrs. Perkins, the book you are waving about is hardly smut. It is considered by many critics as the classic novel about growing up in the 1960s.

ANNIE
(whispers to Ray)
I read it four times. Funniest book I ever read.

IRATE MOTHER
It's pornography!

PRINCIPAL
The Supreme Court said it's not. And its author, Mr. Mann ---

ANGRY FATHER
-- is sick!

PRINCIPAL
Terence Mann is a Pulitzer prize-winner and was widely regarded as the finest satirist of his time.

IRATE MOTHER
Well I think he's a pervert, and quite probably a Communist, too!

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED 65

The crowd murmurs its assent.

ANNIE
(to Ray)
What planet are these people from?

Ray looks as if he is starting to realize something.

ANOTHER PARENT
(reading from notes)
The so-called novels of Terence Mann endorse promiscuity, godlessness, the mongrelization of races, and disrespect to high-ranking officers of the United States Army. And that's why right-thinking school boards all across the country have been banning this guy's shit since 1969.

RAY
(to himself)
Terence Mann....

IRATE MOTHER
You know why he stopped writing books? Because he masturbates!

ANNIE
(to Ray)
I can't take this anymore.

RAY
(very interested)
Terence Mann....

Annie stands and smiles disarmingly.

ANNIE
(very reasonably)
Excuse me, madam, but you're speaking of something about which you don't know squat. Terence Mann was a warm and gentle voice of reason during a time of great madness. He coined the phrase 'Make Love, Not War.' When others were chanting 'Burn, baby, burn,' he was writing about love, and peace, and understanding. He helped define an era. And a generation. And he helped us laugh at ourselves. I cherished every one of his books, and I dearly wish he'd write more. And if you had experienced even a little bit of the Sixties, you might feel the same way, too.

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED (2) 65

IRATE MOTHER
I experienced the Sixties.

ANNIE
No. I think you had two Fifties, and moved right on to the Seventies.

IRATE MOTHER
Oh yeah? Well your husband plowed under his corn and built a baseball field!

The crowd "oohs" and "aahs."

ANNIE
Now there's an intelligent response.

IRATE MOTHER
The weirdo.

Ray is so excited at his revelation that he really wants to leave immediately. He tugs Annie's sleeve.

RAY
Annie....

But Annie mistakes her husband's intentions. She thinks he is cautioning her not to get embroiled in trouble.

ANNIE
(to Ray)
It's okay, I'll be cool.
(aloud, to the parent)
At least he's not a book burner, you Nazi cow!

Now the crowd erupts.

IRATE PARENT
You're both a bunch of weirdos!

Annie pulls herself up to her full 5'4" and thrusts an angry finger at the woman.

ANNIE
All right Beulah, you wanna step outside?!? Huh?

The other woman takes a half-step backward. No one has ever seen sweet Annie like this.

ANNIE
I got a better idea. Let's put it to a vote. Come on! Who's for Eva Braun
(MORE)

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED (3) 65

ANNIE (Cont'd)
here? Who wants to burn books? Who wants to piss on the Constitution of the United Sates? Anybody?

The majority who had sided with the book-banner wants to vote for censorship, but under these terms just can't raise their arms. Little Annie is on a roll, now.

ANNIE
All right. Now: who's for The Bill of Rights? Come on...who thinks freedom's a pretty good thing? Let's see those hands.

Some people start raising their hands.

ANNIE
Who thinks we have to stand up to the kind of censorship they have in Russia?

Reluctantly, just about everyone raises their hands. Annie is thrilled.

ANNIE
There you go. All right, America! I'm proud of you. I mean it. You're beautiful!

RAY
(rising)
Annie, we gotta go.

ANNIE
(to the crowd)
We gotta go.

Ray pulls her from the room. Each is proud as hell, each for a different reason.

66 EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT 66

as they burst out, bubbling over with their enthusiasm.

ANNIE
Oh Ray, was that great, or what? it was like the Sixties again.

RAY
I figured it out.

ANNIE
(reliving it)
'Step outside, you Nazi cow.' Ha-ha!

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED 66

RAY
I know whose pain I'm supposed to ease.

ANNIE
(stopping short)
What?

RAY
I know whose pain I'm supposed to ease.

ANNIE
Ray, I just halted the spread of neo-facism in America, and you're talking about ---

RAY
Terence Mann.

ANNIE
What about him?

RAY
That's whose pain.

ANNIE
How do you know that?

RAY
I don't know. I just know. I was right about building the field, wasn't I?

ANNIE
What's his pain?

RAY
I don't know.

ANNIE
Then how are you supposed to ease it?

RAY
I don't know.

None of this questioning has dampened Ray's pride and excitement. Annie shakes her head.

ANNIE
Ray....

RAY
Annie....

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED (2) 66

ANNIE
(tries to put this gently)
He's my favorite writer too, but...what's Terence Mann got to do with baseball?

Ray's smile freezes. Then disappears. He hasn't a clue.

CUT TO

67 INT. UNIVERSITY OF IOWA LIBRARY - DAY 67

A montage of Ray at the library: checking indices, reading old magazines, finding newspaper interviews on microfilm, scouring old anthologies, and taking copious notes.

Some of the articles include: "Where is Terence Mann Now That We Really Need Him?"..."20 Rumors About America's Greatest Living Ex-Writer"...and, "Terence Mann: Still Ignoring Us After All These Years". The photographs show Mann to be a large black man with gentle eyes.

RAY (V.O.)
Annie, it's incredible.

68 EXT. LIBRARY 68

Ray and Annie run down the steps to the street for their car, Ray's words racing as fast as his feet.

RAY
By the early Seventies, the guy decides people have become either too extremist or too apathetic to listen to him. So he stops writing books. He starts writing poetry. About whales and stuff. Then, he starts fooling around with a home computer, and gets hooked. Know what he does now?

Annie shakes her head no.

RAY
He writes software for interactive children's videos. They teach kids how to resolve conflicts peacefully. What an amazing guy.

ANNIE
Right. So what's it got to do with baseball?

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED 68

RAY
In the April 1962 issue of Jet Magazine, there's a story of his called 'This Is Not A Pipe.'

Annie laughs at that. Ray is so excited, he laughs too.

RAY
It's not his best work, but the hero of the story, a character that Mann created twenty-six years ago, is named John Kinsella. My father.

She stops short.

ANNIE
Wow.

He gives her a "See? What'd I tell you?" look.

ANNIE
What can I say...Big wow, but..what's it got to do with baseball?

They are standing by their car.

RAY
You drive.

69 INT. CAR 69

Annie drives as Ray excitedly consults his notes.

RAY
Okay. The last interview he ever gave was in 1973. Guess what it's about.

ANNIE
Mmm. Some kind of team sport?

RAY
Annie, he was a baseball fanatic! Listen to this:

He finds a page and reads from it:

RAY
'As a child, my earliest recurring dream was to play at Ebbets Field with Jackie Robinson and the Brooklyn Dodgers. Of course, it never happened, and the Dodgers left Brooklyn, and they torn down Ebbets Field. But even now, I still dream that dream.'

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED 69

ANNIE
That's sad....

70 EXT. RAY AND ANNIE'S HOUSE - DAY 70

They have arrived home and are walking into the house. He is still spouting things to her his research has uncovered.

RAY
The man wrote the best books of his generation, he was a pioneer in the civil rights and anti-war movements, he made the cover of Newsweek, he knew everybody, he did everything...he helped shape his time. He hung out with the Beatles! But in the end, it wasn't enough. What he missed...was baseball.

Annie takes a look at Ray's handful of Xeroxes.

ANNIE
Oh my God!

RAY
What.

ANNIE
(spookily)
As a small boy, he had a bat named 'Rosebud.'

Ray disapprovingly grabs the Xeroxes back from her.

ANNIE
Sorry.

RAY
(continues reading)
He hasn't been to a live baseball game since 1958.

ANNIE
So to ease his pain, you have to take him to a ball game?

RAY
Yes.

71 INT. HOUSE 71

as they enter and put away their things.

CONTINUED

71 - CONTINUED 71

ANNIE
Ray, this is nuttier than building the field.

RAY
No it's not. It's pretty weird, I grant you, but building the field was weirder. Five, ten percent weirder.

ANNIE
I'm sorry, pal, but I have to nip this one in the bud. We are having moderate to heavy financial difficulties here. You cannot take off for Boston while you're going broke in Iowa.

RAY
Annie, this is really new territory for both of us, I know, but we're dealing with primal forces of nature, here. When primal forces of nature tell you to do something, the prudent thing is not to quibble over details and ---

ANNIE
(starting to get pissed)
But why do you have to go? Why can't the voice send someone else? What's wrong with Shirley MacLaine, she too busy? What does this have to do with you???

Ray hears her anger and sits her down.

RAY
That's what I need to find out.

ANNIE
Ray, we're behind on the mortgage. That field ate up our savings. We could lose the farm.

RAY
I won't even stay in motels. I'll sleep in the car, and I'll beg for food.

ANNIE
No. This is too much. I understand your need to prove to the world you're not turning into your father, but you've done it! You believed in the magic, and it came true. Isn't that enough?

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED (2) 71

RAY
Annie, it's more than that. I know this is nuts, but there's another reason I'm supposed to do it. I feel it. I feel it as strongly as I've ever felt anything in my life. There's a reason.

ANNIE
What. Just tell me what it is.

RAY
I think something's going to happen at the game. I don't know what, but...there's something at Fenway Park in Boston, and I have to be there with Terence Mann to find it.

Something he just said changes Annie's mood.

ANNIE
Fenway Park...Is that the one with the big green wall in left field?

RAY
Yeah.

ANNIE
I dreamt last night you were at Fenway.

RAY
Uh, was I sitting on the first base side?

ANNIE
Yes....

RAY
About the fifth row?

ANNIE
(nods, open-mouthed)
You were keeping score and eating ---

RAY
-- a hot dog. I had the same dream.

ANNIE
I'll help you pack.

CUT TO

72 INT. BEDROOM 72

Ray is throwing clothes into a suitcase as fast as he can. Annie reads from a road map she has marked for him.

ANNIE
...you take that to 93, and then it gets all squiggly, and after that you're on your own. How are you going to find him, anyway? He won't exactly be in the phone book, you know.

RAY
The article says he has a storefront on Harvard Street next to some place that sells Kosher food. Shouldn't be too hard to find. I don't need a tie, do I?

ANNIE
No, dear. Not for a kidnapping.

73 EXT. HOUSE 73

Ray has packed the car and is getting ready to leave.

RAY
You'll be okay, right?

ANNIE
I'll try to sell the combine. We sure don't need it anymore.

Karin runs up, grabs Ray behind each ear and hugs and kisses him.

RAY
So long Tiger.

He get into the car and looks up at Annie.

RAY
I'll call you every night. If the team shows up while I'm gone, just tell them...
(shakes his head)
On second thought, stay away from them. Those guys haven't been near a woman since 1922.

ANNIE
Ray, they're not going to make a pass at me. They're ghosts.

RAY
They're jocks. Keep away from them.

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED 73

She laughs, kisses him, and watches him drive off.

CUT TO

74 ON THE ROAD 74

Ray's brave little Datsun chugs along the interstate between eighteen-wheelers, busses, gasoline tankers, auto-transport trucks, and other monsters.

75 TRAVELING MONTAGE 75

Driving...gas stations...boring roadside restaurants... getting lost...looking at the map...signs that announce the "Entering" and "Leaving" of various states...days turning to nights and back again...Finally, the green hills of Massachusetts.

CUT TO

76 BOSTON - DAY 76

He emerges from a tunnel and enters traffic, the likes of which he has not seen in a very long time. On one side of the expressway there are sweaty factories, and on the other, old wood-frame apartment buildings with advertising for long-forgotten products painted on the sides. Lunatic drivers abound. We are not in Iowa anymore.

77 INT. RAY'S CAR 77

He rehearses as he drives.

RAY
Hi, I'm Ray Kinsella. I'm really a big fan of...
(different)
How do you, Mr. Mann, I have to take you to a baseball game.
(shakes head)
All right, put your hands up and get in the trunk!
(facetiously)
Good.

78 HARVARD STREET - BROOKLINE - DAY 78

Ray drives slowly, looking for a store that sells Kosher food. But in this old Jewish neighborhood, there are dozens: butcher shops, delis, bakeries, groceries.

79 INT. KOSHER BUTCHER SHOP 79

Ray is asking the spritely Jewish Butcher for directions.

RAY
He lives right around here. Do you know him? I'm a friend of his.

The Butcher just stares back, with suspicion.

RAY
He's sort of a tall, black man.

BUTCHER
If you was much of a friend, he'd of give you the directions himself.

Ray nods. He knows this is useless.

RAY
That's a good point. Thank you.

Ray exits.

CUT TO

80 ON THE STREET 80

Ray has stopped an Ancient Jewish Woman on the street. She looks from Ray's Iowa license plate to Ray's face.

ANCIENT WOMAN
I don't know where he lives.

But by her raised eyebrows and the tone of her voice, it is clear that if she did know -- which she probably does -- she certainly wouldn't tell him.

CUT TO

81 GAS STATION 81

Ray has pulled his car to the edge of the gas station -- he is not buying gas -- and slips a five dollar bill to the ruddy-faced, teenaged Irish Pump Jockey.

PUMP JOCKEY
Two blocks down. Right hand side. First store that don't have a chicken in the window, is his.

CUT TO

82 EXT. HARVARD STREET - DAY 82

In between a deli and a Kosher butcher shop, Ray finds a storefront with blacked-out windows. He enters an open hallway in which he sees the door to the storefront, as well as stairs to the apartments above it.

There are half-a-dozen mail boxes on the wall. Ray checks the names. He smiles.

83 INSERT- MAILBOXES 8:

All but one have immigrant names. The first one reads: #1: TIE-DYED SOFTWARE.

84 RAY 8:

Ray turns to the storefront door. Instead of a buzzer there is a long wire with a weight on its end hanging from a hole at the top of the door. Next to the wire is a handwritten note taped to the door, which reads: "You better have a goddamn good reason for ringing this bell."

Ray laughs. This guy is great. He pulls on the wire. On the other side of the door, a bell rings.

Ray has to struggle to control his nervousness. He takes a breath. He hears footsteps inside, approaching the door. He cannot help but smile with delight at the thought of meeting one of his cultural heroes.

The door opens. Terence Mann is menacingly huge. He glares at Ray and roars:

MANN
Who the fuck are you???

Ray is momentarily taken aback, but he figures maybe the guy is joking, so he just smiles and plunges ahead.

RAY
Sir, my name is Ray Kinsella, and it's a great pleasure to finally ---

The door slams in his face. It takes Ray a few seconds to realize the interview is over.

He rings the bell again. The door opens. Mann's large frame fills it.

MANN
We got a learning disability here?

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED 84

RAY
(talks fast)
Mr. Mann, I've come 1500 miles to see you at the risk of losing my home and alienating my wife. If I could just have a minute. Please.

MANN
Look. I can't tell you the secret of life, and I don't have any answers for you. I don't give interviews, I am no longer a public figure, I just want to be left alone. So fuck off.

RAY
Just one minute. I'm begging you.

Mann looks him over. Then he sighs.

MANN
One minute.

Mann turns and enters the storefront. Ray follows.

85 INT. MANN'S STOREFRONT 85

It is hardly fashionable, but it's roomy and comfortable. There are tables stacked high with mailing envelopes and a postage scale. A few workbenches have software and spread sheets strewn across them. In the back are a couple of personal computers.

On a side wall there are book jackets and newspaper photos in cheap frames: pictures of Mann with Martin Luther King...with Bob Dylan...with Timothy Leary...Mann being arrested at some demonstration...Mann at Woodstock....

Mann's gruff voice pulls Ray's attention away from these relics.

MANN
Your minute ain't getting bigger.

RAY
Okay. I understand your desire for privacy, and I wouldn't dream of intruding if this weren't extremely important.

MANN
Oh God. I don't do causes anymore.

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED 85

RAY
This isn't a cause. I don't need money, or an endorsement.

MANN
Refreshing.

RAY
You once wrote: 'There comes a time when all the cosmic tumblers have clicked into place, and the universe opens itself up for a few seconds, to show you what is possible.'

MANN
Oh my God.

RAY
What.

MANN
You're from the Sixties!

RAY
Well, actually ---

MANN
Out! Out!

RAY
Just wait a second ---

Mann picks up an old-fashioned bug sprayer -- the kind with a long arm that pumps in and out -- and starts spraying it at Ray as if he were an unwanted insect.

MANN
Back to the Sixties! Back!

He is backing Ray out the door.

RAY
If you'd just ---

MANN
There's no place for you here in the future! Get back while you still can!

He gets Ray just past the door and slams it shut.

Ray slams it open. He's pissed.

RAY
You've changed, you know that?

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED (2) 85

Mann stops fuming and considers that. He sighs, sadly.

MANN
Yes. I suppose I have. How's this?
(smiles and makes the peace sign)
'Peace, love, dope.'
(roars)
Now get the fuck out of here!!!

And he slams the door shut again. Ray is flabbergasted. He is thinking furiously. Then he notices that in slamming the door, the latch has not locked in place. He thinks, makes up his mind, and quietly opens the door.

Mann has returned to work, his back to the door.

Ray enters the loft, his left hand in his jacket pocket. When he is halfway across the loft, he clears his throat. Mann spins around.

MANN
Now you've pissed me off.

RAY
Okay, hold it right there.

He juts his pocketed hand forward, as if he had a gun in his jacket.

RAY
I was hoping I wouldn't have to do it this way....

MANN
What the fuck is that?

RAY
It's a gun. What'd you think it is?

MANN
It's your finger.

RAY
No it's not. It's a gun.

MANN
Yeah? Let me see it.

RAY
Get out of here, I'm not going to show you my gun.

Mann sighs, and stands.

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED (3) 85

RAY
Now look. I'm not going to hurt you, I just need you to go with me for a little while, then -- what are you doing?

Mann has found a crowbar among his tools, and is advancing toward Ray.

MANN
I'm going to beat you with a crowbar till you go away.

Understandably, this makes Ray nervous.

RAY
Whoa! Wait! You can't do that.

MANN
(still advancing)
What, are there rules? There's no rules.

Mann is almost to him, now, the crowbar raised above his head.

RAY
You're a pacifist!

Mann stops. He thinks. He lowers the crowbar.

MANN
Shit.

Ray breathes a sigh of relief.

RAY
Thank you.

MANN
All right, are you kidnapping me? What's the deal here?

RAY
I'm sorry. I was hoping I could just convince you to come with me.

MANN
Then you <u>are</u> kidnapping me.

RAY
I have to take you to a baseball game.

MANN
You what?

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED (4) 85

RAY
Tonight's game. Red Sox, Twins.

MANN
Why?

RAY
Something will happen there. I don't know what, but we'll find out when it does.

Mann now has no idea what to make of all this, so he just looks Ray over for a few seconds.

RAY
My name is Ray Kinsella. You used my father's name for a character in one of your stories. John Kinsella.

MANN
You're seeing a team of psychiatrists, aren't you?

RAY
(laughs)
I don't blame you for thinking that, but no, I'm not. I swear to God I'm the least crazy person I've ever known.

MANN
Then why are you kidnapping me to a baseball game?

RAY
I read an interview you gave a long time ago about how you always dreamed of playing at Ebbets Field, and how sad you felt when they tore it down.

MANN
(shakes head no)
I never said that.

RAY
You didn't?

MANN
I don't even remember thinking it.

Now Ray is not sure what to do.

RAY
This whole thing is so weird.

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED (5) 85

MANN
Then why go through with it?

RAY
It's a long story...and I'll tell you on the way. Please.

MANN
I'm not going to get rid of you, am I?

RAY
If you just come to this game with me, I'll never bother you again. Not even a Christmas card.

Mann picks up a hat, plops it on his head and heads out the door.

CUT TO

86 CITY STREETS 86

Mann sits tensely beside Ray, who drives with his right hand, while his left hand remains in his pocket, substituting for a gun.

MANN
You do this often?

RAY
No. It's my first time. So be gentle.

Ray laughs nervously, and is embarrassed to see Mann not sharing the humor.

RAY
You used to have a sense of humor.

MANN
Things used to be funny.

Ray pulls up at an intersection. He has to choose between left and right. Behind him, cars are honking. Ray doesn't have a clue which way to go. He sighs.

RAY
I'm sorry. This is really humiliating. Which way is Fenway?

Mann shakes his head, then tilts it to the left.

RAY
Thank you.

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED 86

Ray makes the turn, and heads off down the street.

MANN
You're really inept at this, aren't you?

Ray grins sheepishly and nods. Mann laughs.

MANN
I mean you're like a total bumbler.

Ray chuckles his reluctant acceptance of the truth.

MANN
'Bozo the Kidnapper.'

RAY
(no longer so amused)
Okay, okay....

After a few moments, Ray decides to break the ice.

RAY
Can I ask you a question? Something I've always wanted to know.

Mann nods. He's been asked this question a million times.

MANN
No, I never slept with her.

RAY
You never slept with who?

MANN
Whoever you were going to ask me about. If I'd been with one-tenth the famous women they said I was with, I'd be in formaldehyde by now.

RAY
(interested)
You slept with a lot of famous women?

MANN
(sourly)
What's your question?

RAY
How'd you get a name like Terence?

Mann cannot believe that's the question.

MANN
Rastus was taken.

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED (2) 86

Ray knows now to shut up. He returns his attention to his driving, glances up to his rearview mirror, and sees something that causes his eyes to widen in horror.

87 REAR-VIEW MIRROR 87

A Boston police car on his tail, red lights flashing.

RAY (O.S.)
Oh no.

88 INT. RAY'S CAR 88

Mann looks behind him, sees the police car, and turns back to Ray. Ray wears a look of resignation as he pulls the car over to the side of the road, and shuts off the ignition. Mann just looks at him, and starts to chuckle.

MANN
Nice going, Boze.

RAY
Okay. I don't really have a gun. So don't say anything to this guy, okay? I swear to God there's a reason we're supposed to be at this game.

Mann gives him a "Give me a break" look.

Ray sees the Policeman is getting out of his cruiser and walking towards them. Ray is desperate.

RAY
If I get arrested, the press'll be all over you, you'll have to appear in open court, you'll be the lead story on Entertainment Tonight, and your picture'll be on the front page of every tabloid in America.

The Policeman knocks on Ray's window. He is young, fresh-scrubbed and earnest. Ray holds up one hand to him.

RAY
Just a second.
(to Mann)
'Terence Mann Kidnapped...Also seen in UFO with Elvis.'

Mann's eyes narrow. The cop knocks again, more insistently. Ray rolls down the window.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED 88

RAY
Sorry.

POLICEMAN
License and registration.

Nervously, Ray complies. Mann turns his face toward the passenger side window. Ray's mouth dries up. He has no idea what Mann will do.

The Policeman scrutinizes the license, turns it over to look for convictions, and checks Ray's face against the felonlike photo. Then he looks at Mann.

POLICEMAN
And what's your name, sir?

Mann keeps his face averted.

MANN
Terry.

POLICEMAN
Where is it that you and Raymond are going, Terry?

RAY
Fenway Park! We're going to the ball game.

MANN
(turns to cop)
Actually, Officer, I'm being kidnapped.

Discreetly, under his breath, Ray sings the "Entertainment Tonight" theme song.

RAY
'Entertainment Tonight,
doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo....'

Mann winces. The officer looks at him questioningly.

MANN
What I mean by that is, I don't care much for baseball, but Raymond insisted.

POLICEMAN
Yeah, I hate baseball.
(hands Ray back his ID)
Your right taillight is out, Raymond. I want you to get it fixed at the first opportunity.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED (2) 88

RAY
Yes. I will. Thank you.

The Policeman walks away, and Ray heaves a sigh of relief.

RAY
'Terry?'

MANN
'Raymond?'

RAY
Ray. My...hostages call me Ray. Can I call you Terry?

Sourly, Mann nods. Ray smiles and drives off.

RAY
And thank you.

MANN
I didn't do it just because I don't want the publicity.

RAY
Then what else?

MANN
I envy you your craziness, Ray. It's been years since I did something completely crazy.

RAY
Well, you want to hear something <u>really</u> crazy?

MANN
Do I have a choice?

RAY
Nope. I live on a farm in Iowa. One day, out in the cornfield, I heard a voice....

89 EXT. CAR 89

It glides through city traffic.

90 EXT. FENWAY PARK - DAY 90

Ray slides the Datsun into a parking place, and he and Mann walk the short sleazy block to Fenway, and old-fashioned center-city ballpark.

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED 90

MANN
(shaking his head)
But can't you accept the probability that it's all just a hallucination?

RAY
Annie and Karin see it, too.

They have reached the ticket window.

RAY
Two, field level, first base side.

The elderly Ticket Seller pulls out two tickets.

TICKET SELLER
Section seventeen. Twelve dollars.

Ray takes out his wallet and turns to Mann.

RAY
It's on me.

MANN
You're damn right it is.

Ray pays the man and receives the tickets.

TICKET SELLER
Game don't start for a while, but you can go in, watch batting practice.

RAY
Great.

They enter the stadium.

91 INT. STADIUM 91

They walk through the indoor portion of the grandstand toward their section.

RAY
So what do you do with yourself these days?

MANN
I live. I work. I've learned to cook. I take walks. I watch sunsets.

RAY
Don't you miss being...involved?

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED 91

MANN
(snorts)
I was the East Coast distributor of 'involved.' I ate it, drank it, and breathed it. Then they killed Martin. They killed Bobby. And then they elected Tricky Dick. Twice. And now, people like you think I must be miserable that I'm not involved anymore. Well, I've got news for you: I spent all my misery years ago. I have no more pain for any of you. I gave at the office.

They approach the refreshment stand.

RAY
So...what do you want?

MANN
I want them to stop looking to me for answers. Begging me to speak again, write again, be a leader. I want them to start thinking for themselves. And I want my privacy!

Ray looks slightly embarrassed.

RAY
No, I meant what do you want from....

Ray points to the hot dog vendor, as they have reached the front of the line.

MANN
Oh.
(laughs at himself)
A dog and a beer.

RAY
(to the vendor)
Two.
(to Mann)
Okay, I agree, you should be entitled to as much privacy as you want. But why stop writing?

MANN
I haven't published a word in seventeen years and I <u>still</u> have to endure assholes like you all the time. What do you think it'd be like if I suddenly came out with a new book?

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED (2) 91

Ray nods. Mann is making sense.

MANN
They'd bleed me dry.

92 SECTION SEVENTEEN 92

Ray and Mann emerge into the sunlight and walk down the aisle toward the field.

RAY
God, this place is so beautiful.

The grass is so green you can almost smell it. Looking around the old ballpark, they see only about twenty or thirty die-hard fans in the stands for batting practice; a half-dozen players are grouped around the batting cage as one player hits to several others in the field. A few sportswriters and other civilians stand near the dugouts.

Ray and Mann stop at the first row, right behind the Red Sox on-deck circle, lean on the railing and talk.

RAY
It could be 1912 out there, for all this place has changed. Babe Ruth stood on that very mound as a pitcher long before anyone knew he could hit home runs. Same mound.

MANN
Why are we here, Ray?

RAY
Something about the game.

CUT TO

93 THE GAME - NIGHT 93

The game is in progress. Ray and Mann are in their fifth row seats. They do not speak.

At one point, Ray becomes suddenly and strangely aware that something is about to happen. He looks at Mann who is just watching the game. Then he looks at the scoreboard.

94 THE SCOREBOARD 94

Fenway Park has a sophisticated scoreboard that flashes pictures of the batter and pitcher, and can show instant replays of some of the action.

CONTINUED

94 CONTINUED 94

Right now, the display is replaced by an oddly glowing message. The sounds of the stadium, the game, and the crowd fade out.

There is only the message:

ARCHIBALD "MOONLIGHT" GRAHAM
Chisholm, Minn.

New York Giants

Lifetime Statistics:
1 Game, 0 At Bats

The message does not just glow, it pulsates. It looks almost otherworldly, phosphorescent; clearly unlike anything ever seen before on a ballpark scoreboard.

95 RAY AND MANN 9:

Ray looks around him. The sounds of the game return, and from the unconcerned faces of the people near him, he realizes that no one else can see the message. He opens his program and starts writing it down. Mann notices this, but cannot see what Ray is writing.

Then Ray hears The Voice.

THE VOICE
'Go the distance.'

RAY
Oh my God.

MANN
What's the matter?

RAY
Nothing.

MANN
You okay?

Ray sighs.

RAY
Yeah.
(then)
Whenever you want to go, we can go.

CONTINUED

95 CONTINUED 95

MANN
What???

RAY
If you want to go, we can go.

Mann looks at Ray curiously, trying to read this new attitude.

MANN
Then let's go.

Mann rises and heads up the aisle. Ray looks down at the program -- at the handwritten legend of Moonlight Graham, who played one game fifty-seven years ago, but did not get to bat -- and follows Mann out of the ballpark.

CUT TO

96 THE RIDE BACK TO BOSTON 9

It is nighttime, and Mann drives. Ray slumps, dozing, troubled. Mann looks curiously at Ray, but says nothing. They ride in silence.

CUT TO

97 MANN'S STREET - NIGHT 9

The street is blue with moonlight as they park in front of the storefront.

MANN
Where are you going from here?

RAY
Home.

MANN
What is it you're not telling me?

RAY
(shakes head no)
I've taken up too much of your time.

Mann gets out of the car.

MANN
I wish I had your passion, Ray. However misdirected it may be, it's still a passion. I used to feel that way about things, but....

CONTINUED

97 CONTINUED 97

Ray slides into the driver's seat.

MANN
You got another message, didn't you?

RAY
You'll think I'm crazy.

MANN
I already think you're crazy. What did it say?

After a little thought, Ray smiles sadly.

RAY
It said 'The man's done enough. Leave him alone.'

Ray puts the car in gear, makes a wide turn, and starts to head back up the street. But he stops short when Mann's form looks out of the darkness into the glare of the headlights.

Ray does not know why Mann is blocking his path. Or why he appears tense, almost frightened.

MANN
'Moonlight' Graham.

Ray's jaw drops.

RAY
You saw it.

MANN
Saw what?

RAY
New York Giants, 1922. He played one game, never got to bat.

Mann looks spectrial in the high-contrast glare on the headlights.

MANN
What did I see, Ray?

RAY
Chisholm, Minnesota. We were the only ones who saw it. Did you hear the voice, too?

Mann glances at Ray, then looks away.

CONTINUED

97 CONTINUED (2) 97

RAY
It's all right to admit it. That's what told me to find you.

No response.

RAY
Did you hear it too?

MANN
'Go the distance.'

RAY
Do you know what it means?

MANN
Yes.

RAY
What.

MANN
It means...we're going to Minnesota to find Moonlight Graham.

RAY
(thrilled)
We?

MANN
Yeah.

RAY
What do we do when we find him?

MANN
We'll know that when we find him.

Ray opens the passenger door of the Datsun and Mann jumps in. Ray releases the brake and peels out, burning rubber. The two men look happy as kids with bats over shoulders, gloves dangling, on their way to a sandlot.

CUT TO

98 ON THE ROAD 98

Once on I-90, they begin the long haul across the Great Lakes states. Ray drives, Mann dozes in the reclined passenger seat.

RAY (V.O.)
Annie, I'm really sorry, but I'm going to be a few days longer.

CONTINUED

98 CONTINUED 98

ANNIE (V.O.)
(phone; filtered)
Oh, Ray...Is everything all right?

RAY (V.O.)
Everything's great, and I'll tell you all about it when I get back, but I'm going to Minnesota now.

99 MORE ON THE ROAD 99

Now Mann drives, and Ray tries to sleep, his stockinged feet propped up on the dash, occasionally sliding with a thud against the steering column.

ANNIE (V.O.)
(phone; filtered)
I don't believe this. What's in Minnesota?

RAY (V.O.)
An old ballplayer. I'll explain when I get home. How are things with you?

100 GAS STATION 100

Ray is using the pay phone on the wall of the office, while the car is being gassed.

ANNIE (V.O.)
(phone; filtered)
Uh, fine.

RAY
Hey, guess what? Terence Mann is with me. We're going to Minnesota together.

ANNIE (V.O.)
(phone; filtered)
Are you kidding me? Oh, Ray, that's unbelievable!

RAY
I know. I gotta go. Hug Karin for me. I love you.

ANNIE (V.O.)
(phone; filtered)
I love you too. You guys behave yourselves. Hurry home.

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED 100

Ray smiles and hangs up.

CUT TO

101 ANNIE'S KITCHEN 101

She hangs up, and loses her smile as she turns back to the kitchen table, where her brother Mark sits with two men in business suits.

MARK
Why didn't you tell him?

ANNIE
For the same reason I've never pissed on your birthday cake.

MARK
Annie, you don't have a choice in the matter.

Annie looks very troubled.

CUT TO

102 ON THE ROAD - MINNESOTA 102

They are north of Duluth, and the landscape has grown harsher, the trees shorter and more gnarled, the grass tougher and wirier.

After Virginia, Minnesota, all the land is scarred. Above the town the mines sit like sand-colored bunkers in the cliffs, stern and silent.

Near Chisholm, the land is getting ever weirder. It looks like a pasture rooted and rerooted by giant hogs. It has been split and gutted; greenery has grown back, but at weird and unnatural angles.

But as they swing into town, the highway divides and they cross a beautiful and tranquil lake, so smooth and shiny it might be a scene painted on a glass plate. A sign reads WELCOME TO CHISHOLM.

103 CHISHOLM, MINNESOTA 103

Ray and Mann have parked on the main street next to a corner phone booth. Ray is flipping through the thin phone book attached to the booth by a chain.

CONTINUED

103 CONTINUED 103

RAY
Half a dozen Grahams...no Archibald, no Moonlight.

MANN
Follow me.

CUT TO

104 EXT. CHISHOLM FREE PRESS 104

The local newspaper is located in a small storefront that was probably once a confectioners or a dry-goods store.

105 INT. CHISHOLM FREE PRESS 105

Ray and Mann are talking with the paper's publisher, Veda Ponikvar, a handsome woman in her sixties, with a sweet, innocent smile, and eyeglasses hanging from a fine chain around her neck.

MANN
We're trying to find an ex-baseball player named Archibald Graham.

VEDA
You mean 'Doc' Graham.

RAY
No, I think his nickname was 'Moonlight.'

VEDA
Yes, that's Doctor Graham.

MANN
Doctor Graham.

This is interesting news to Ray and Mann.

VEDA
His baseball career never amounted to much, so he went back to school. His father was a doctor.

MANN
Do you know where we can find him?

RAY
It's nothing bad. We're not from the IRS, or anything ---

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED 105

VEDA
Doc Graham is dead. He died in 1972.

Ray and Mann look at each other, unsure of what this means to their quest.

CUT TO

106 NEWSPAPER BACK ROOM 106

Ray and Mann sit at a table in the newspaper's back room, the "morgue" file on Doc Graham -- a collection of clippings, pictures, and the obituary -- strewn before them.

Right now, their attention is on Veda, who has put her glasses on, and is reading from an editorial.

VEDA
...'And there were times when children could not afford eyeglasses or milk, or clothing. Yet no child was ever denied these essentials, because in the background, there was always Doctor Graham. Without any fanfare or publicity, the glasses or the milk or the ticket to the ball game found their way into the child's pocket.'

MANN
You wrote that.

VEDA
The day he died.

MANN
You're a good writer.

The compliment is just right, and she smiles warmly.

VEDA
Excuse me.

She exits. Mann spreads out the clippings and shakes his head.

MANN
Something's missing.

Ray is looking at a photo of Doc Graham as a man in his late sixties.

CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED 106

RAY
Well...he sounds like he was a wonderful man.

Mann shakes his head.

MANN
Half the towns in North America has a Doc Graham. What makes this one so special we have to come halfway across the country to find him fifteen years after he died? There's got to be more.

Veda enters with a piece of paper from a yellow legal pad.

VEDA
You might want to talk to some of these people. They knew Doc pretty well.

Mann takes the list and looks it over.

CUT TO

107 INTERVIEW 107

Two old Codgers on a park bench.

FIRST CODGER
Oh, that man had an arm on him. One day over at the ballpark, he said 'Lemme see that ball', and one of the boys threw him the ball, and he walked over behind home plate, reared back, and fired that ball over the left field fence.

SECOND CODGER
And he was at least fifty years old when he did it.

FIRST CODGER
It was still rising when it disappeared.

108 INTERVIEW 108

A woman, an older Nurse.

NURSE
I went with him to make a housecall at one of the camps...mining camps. The husband was sick, and they had no stove, so they had no heat.
(MORE)

CONTINUED

108 CONTINUED 108

NURSE (Cont'd)
When we got back to Chisholm, Doc went to the hardware store and bought a stove for them and paid to have it delivered. And I know that wasn't the only time he did something like that.

109 COUNTRY KITCHEN RESTAURANT - DAY 109

Several tables have been pushed together, and Mann sits surrounded by townspeople, mostly men past retirement age.

BALDING MAN
He didn't smoke or drink, but he used to chew up paper and spit it out wherever he went. If you were around Doc very long, you learned to duck.

MOUSTACHED MAN
He'd even chew up his prescription slips, so sometimes we'd have to dig into our pockets for a piece of paper so Doc could write us prescriptions.

WHITE-HAIRED MAN
He always wore a black overcoat, even in the summer, and it was always flapping open, even in the winter and it was fifty below. And he had white hair, like me, and he always carried an umbrella.

SMOKER
'Cept he was always, I mean <u>always</u>, losing them. Stores 'round town would just lean his umbrella somewhere near the door, and if anybody asked, they'd just say 'Oh, that's Doc's umbrella'.

MANN
What was the umbrella for?

WHITE-HAIRED MAN
Oh, I think it got to be a habit, something to hang onto. But if you'd ask him, he'd say it was to beat away all his lady admirers.

This, as much as the other remembrances, brings warm chuckles to the old men.

MANN
Tell me about his wife.

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED 109

BALDING MAN
Alicia. She moved to South Carolina after he passed. She passed a few years later. She always wore blue. I bet you didn't know that.

MANN
(smiles)
No. I didn't.

110 MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT 110

The woman Manager of the motel is having a cup of coffee with Ray.

MOTEL MANAGER
You know, everybody's talking about you two. Our neighbors came over last night and we just told Doc Graham stories until after midnight. I even wrote some of them down.

She takes out a piece of paper.

RAY
That's very nice of you.

MOTEL MANAGER
Well, it's funny. It's like all these memories we have of Doc had gone to sleep and sunk way down inside us. But once you started asking about him, and started us talking about him, why they swum back up to the surface again.

Ray smiles.

CUT TO

111 MOTEL ROOM 111

Ray and Mann are sitting in their beds, comparing their notes.

MANN
No screwing, no drinking, no opium, no illegitimate children. No midnight abortions, no shady finances.

Ray puts down his notes and picks up the Chicago Tribune.

RAY
You sound disappointed.

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED 111

MANN
Shoeless Joe had a problem. That's why he needed you. This guy doesn't need us.

Suddenly, Ray straightens with a start.

RAY
Oh, my God.

Ray hurries over to Mann, offering the opened newspaper, and points out an article to Mann. It is headlined: TERENCE MANN MISSING.

MANN
Damn.
(reads)
'His son, who lives in New York City, notified police after receiving no answer to repeated telephone calls...'
Shit. I'd better call him.

He pulls the phone onto the bed and dials "O".

MANN
What the hell do I tell him.

RAY
You want me to...?

He motions outside with his head.

MANN
Thanks.

Ray exits.

CUT TO

112 EXT. CHISHOLM RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT 112

Ray walks by the old movie theatre, which sits at the edge of a residential street. The Godfather is playing. He nods at an elderly man who passes him on the street. He passes a darkened house and notices there is a sign of some kind in its unlit front window. He takes another two or three steps before he has to stop to take a better look at the sign.

113 THE SIGN 113

It takes a second to make out the image in the dark, but it is a head shot of Richard Nixon. Above, it says "Four More Years". Below, it reads "Re-Elect The President".

114 RAY 114

is puzzled. He turns and looks at the theatre marquee.

115 THE THEATRE MARQUEE 115

Under the letters that spell out "The Godfather", are smaller letters that read "Nominated for 10 Academy Awards".

116 RAY 116

frowns. He says the word to himself.

RAY
Nominated?

Ray now looks at the car parked nearest to him.

117 THE CAR 117

It is an old Mustang. The annual tag on the license plate reads: 1972.

118 RAY 118

looks around

119 HIS POINT OF VIEW 119

All the cars on the street are pre-1972. And still walking down the block away from him, is the elderly man Ray passed moments earlier.

The man is about sixty-five years old, stooped a little, but the body is still lithe, an athlete's body. He is wearing a dark overcoat....

120 CLOSER POINT OF VIEW 120

...and he carries an umbrella.

121 RAY 121

The little hairs on the back of Ray's neck stand up. His mouth is dry, and for a moment, he cannot speak. Then, he calls to the man.

RAY
Doctor Graham?

Slowly, the man stops and turns back to face Ray. Ray starts to trot to him.

ELDERLY MAN
Who's that?

RAY
My name is Ray Kinsella. I'm from Iowa. Are you Moonlight Graham?

The old man narrows his bright eyes to see Ray more clearly.

DOC GRAHAM
No one's called me 'Moonlight' Graham for fifty years.

RAY
Well, I've come...
(smiles to himself)
...a very long way to see you.

DOC GRAHAM
Funny. I couldn't sleep tonight. Usually, I sleep like a baby. So I told Alicia I was going to take a walk.

RAY
Mind if i join you? I'd like to talk to you.

Doc nods and they start to walk.

DOC GRAHAM
Let's go to the high school. We can sit in my office. What do you want to talk about?

RAY
Well, first of all, how'd you get to be called 'Moonlight'?

DOC GRAHAM
'Cause of a night like this, long ago. I'd just gotten to the minors, and I went out to the ballpark.
(MORE)

CONTINUED

121 CONTINUED 121

DOC GRAHAM (Cont'd)
There's nothing as peaceful as a ballpark at night. Like a church.

RAY
Yeah, I know what you mean.

DOC GRAHAM
Anyway, I fell asleep. Next morning, they found me in the on-deck circle, all curled up like a baby. Someone called me 'Moonlight,' and it stuck.

122 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL 122

Doc fumbles out a key, and lets them in.

RAY
When you got to the majors, you played only one inning of one game. What happened in that inning?

123 INT. HIGH SCHOOL 123

They enter the hallway of the old school, the smell of varnish and chalk almost palpable.

DOC GRAHAM
It was the last day of the season. Bottom of the eighth, and we were way ahead. I'd been up with the club for most of a month, but hadn't seen any action. Just then old John McGraw points a bony finger at me and says 'Right field.' Well sir, I jumped up like I was sitting on a spring, grabbed my glove, and ran out onto the field.

They reach a varnished door with an opaque glass inset, and enter. Doc Graham's office.

124 INT. DOC GRAHAM'S OFFICE 124

Doc seats himself behind a cluttered desk, and motions Ray to the black-leather sofa a few feet away.

RAY
Did you get to make a play?

Doc takes a sheet of paper off his desk, expertly rips an inch or so off the corner with his teeth, and begins chewing.

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED 124

DOC GRAHAM
Nope. They never hit the ball out of the infield.

Ray chuckles, but then flinches as Doc shoots his little spitball towards him.

DOC GRAHAM
Heads up.

It hits the back of the sofa a few feet from Ray, and hangs there, like a white fly.

RAY
I was warned about you.

DOC GRAHAM
Anyway, one inning later the game was over, and so was I.

RAY
And what was that like?

DOC GRAHAM
It was like coming this close to your dreams, and then watching them brush past you like a stranger in a crowd.

Ray nods, and a look of understanding begins to appear on his face. He looks out the window, focused on faraway.

DOC GRAHAM
Except, at the time, you don't think much of it. Hardly anybody recognizes the most significant moment of their life when they're happening. Back then I just figured there'd be plenty more days. I didn't know that would be the only one.

Doc Graham notices that Ray is looking very serious.

DOC GRAHAM
Now, let me ask you a question, Ray Kinsella. What makes that half-inning so interesting that you come all the way from Iowa to ask me about it sixty-five years later?

Ray chooses his words carefully.

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED (2) 124

RAY
I didn't really know till just now. But I think it's to ask you if you could do anything you wanted to...if you could have a wish....

DOC GRAHAM
Ahh....

Doc nods his understanding. He smiles wryly, takes a new piece of paper, and bites off a little section.

DOC GRAHAM
And are you the kind of man who could grant me that wish?

RAY
I don't know. I'm just asking....

Doc leans his left elbow on the desk and rubs his forehead thoughtfully with a palm, as if it were an eraser that could erase the years and take him back to 1929 and the Polo Grounds in New York.

DOC GRAHAM
I never got to bat in the major leagues. I'd have liked the chance -- just once -- to stare down a big league pitcher. Stare him down and then just as he goes into the windup -- wink! Make him wonder if I know something he doesn't. That's what I wish for. The chance to squint my eyes when the sky is so blue it hurts to look at it, and to feel the tingle that runs up your arms when you connect dead-on. The chance to run the bases, stretch a double to a triple, and flop race-first into third, wrapping my arm around the bag. That's my wish, Ray Kinsella...that's my wish.

Ray begins to smile. Graham is staring intently at him.

DOC GRAHAM
Is there enough magic floating around in the night out there for you to make that wish come true?

RAY
What would you do if I said 'Yes'?

DOC GRAHAM
I think I might actually believe you.

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED (3) 124

RAY
There is a place where things like that happen. And if you want to go there, I can take you.

Doc's eyes start to glisten, and he offers an embarrassed smile as he wipes away a tear.

DOC GRAHAM
If it means leaving Chisholm....

He shakes his head no. Ray is surprised.

RAY
I understand, but I think you're supposed to come with us.

DOC GRAHAM
This is my most special place in the world, Ray. Once a place touches you like this, the wind never blows so cold again. You feel for it like it was your child. I can't leave here.

Ray cannot believe the man won't leave Chisholm for his dream.

RAY
But your wish....

DOC GRAHAM
It'll stay one. I was born here, lived here, and I'll die here. That's okay. I'll have no regrets.

RAY
But sixty-five years ago -- for five minutes -- you came this close.
(holds up two fingers)
It would kill some men to get that close to their dream and never touch it. They'd consider it a tragedy.

DOC GRAHAM
Son...if I'd only gotten to be a doctor for five minutes...now that would have been a tragedy.

Those words fill up the room, and Ray sinks back against the couch.

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED (4) 124

DOC GRAHAM
Well, I'd better get home before Alicia starts to thinking I've got a girlfriend.

And Doc Graham smiles at him.

RAY (V.O.)
And he smiled.

CUT TO

125 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 125

It is later that same night, and Ray has been recounting his experience with Doc Graham to Mann, who appears quietly troubled.

RAY
And then I figured maybe we're not supposed to take him with us. So now I don't know why the hell we were supposed to come here.

MANN
Maybe it was to find out if one inning can change the world.

RAY
Did it?

MANN
It did for these people. If he'd gotten a hit, he might've stayed there.
(then)
Your wife called before. She wants you to call her tonight.

CUT TO

126 INT.RAY AND ANNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 126

Annie is asleep. The phone rings, and the speed with which she picks it up suggests that her anxiety to get this phone call prevented her from sleeping very deeply.

CONTINUED

126 CONTINUED 126

ANNIE
Ray.
(pause)
I asked the bank if we could miss a payment or two, and they told me they'd just sold the note on the farm to Mark and his partners. So they own the paper now, and he says if we don't sell to them, they'll foreclose. Ray, we don't have the money.

127 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 127

Ray holds the phone, pained.

RAY
Okay, look. They can't foreclose for thirty days, or something like that. I've got to take Terry back to Boston first, so it'll be ---

MANN
No.

Ray looks over at Mann.

MANN
I'm going to Iowa with you.

RAY
We're coming home.

CUT TO

128 ON THE ROAD - MORNING 128

Ray drives with purpose and speed. Mann looks relaxed.

MANN
Hell, I couldn't quit now. I've got to see this ballpark.

RAY
Not everybody can see it. You might not.

MANN
I'll give it a try.

As they turn onto the highway near the lake, a teenager with a dufflebag appears on the side of the road, his arm raised in a hitchhiker's stance. Ray pulls the car over to the side of the road.

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED 128

RAY
I need all the karma I can get right now.

The car stops, and the Teenager runs for it. He tosses his dufflebag in the backseat and squeezes in after it.

TEENAGER
Thanks. You're the first car by. I didn't expect to get a lift so soon.

Ray starts the car back onto the highway.

RAY
How far are you going?

TEENAGER
How far are <u>you</u> going?

RAY
Iowa.

TEENAGER
Well, if it's okay with you, I'll ride along for a while. I play baseball.

Ray and Mann exchange brief smiles.

TEENAGER
I'm looking for a place to play, and I heard that all through the Midwest, towns have teams, and in some places they'll find you a day job so you can play ball nights and weekends.

RAY
This is your lucky day, kid. We're going someplace kind of like that.

TEENAGER
All right!

RAY
I'm Ray Kinsella, this is Terry Mann.

TEENAGER
Hi. I'm Archie Graham.

Mann and Ray just look at each other.

And the little Datsun heads off down the highway.

CUT TO

129 INT. CAR - NIGHT 129

Archie sleeps in the backseat.

MANN
I'm dying to ask him if he has a nickname.

RAY
Don't. He didn't get it till he was in the minors.

MANN
Maybe we can give it to him.

RAY
Funny, the way he described towns, finding you a job so you can play on their team...they haven't done that for years. My Dad did that for a while. But that was in the Twenties.

MANN
What happened to your father?

RAY
He never made it as ball player, so he tried to get his son to make it for him. By the time I was ten, playing baseball got to be like eating vegetables or taking out the garbage, so when I was fourteen, I started to refuse. Can you believe that? An American boy refusing to have a catch with his father.

MANN
Why at fourteen?

RAY
That's when I read <u>The Boat Rocker</u>, by Terence Mann.

MANN
Oh God.

RAY
I never played catch with him again.

MANN
(seriously)
See, that's the kind of crap people are always trying to lay on me. It's not my fault you wouldn't play catch with your father!

CONTINUED

129 CONTINUED 129

RAY
I know. Anyway, when I was seventeen, we had a big fight, I packed my things, said something awful, and left. After a while I wanted to come home, but I didn't know how. I made it back for the funeral.

MANN
What was the awful thing you said?

RAY
I said I could never respect a man whose hero was a criminal.

MANN
Who was his hero?

RAY
Shoeless Joe Jackson.

Mann considers this all very carefully.

MANN
You knew he wasn't a criminal.

Ray nods.

MANN
Then why'd you say it?

RAY
I was seventeen.

Mann nods with growing understanding.

MANN
So this is your penance.

RAY
I know. I can't bring my father back....

MANN
...so the least you can do is bring back his hero.

Ray nods.

MANN
Well now we know what everybody's purpose here is...except mine.

Ray looks at him. He hadn't thought of that. After a few moments Ray points to something in the distance.

130 POINT OF VIEW 130

Something down the road, in the midst of all this flat farmland, is glowing in the night.

It is an illuminated baseball diamond in a cornfield.

131 RAY AND ANNIE'S FARM - NIGHT 131

Ray turns the Datsun into the long driveway and, with a rumble, crosses the metal cattle guard that keeps livestock from escaping to the roadway.

He eases the car to a stop in front of the house, and as the three men unfold themselves from the car, Karin bolts from the back door of the house, a blur of white blouse and pink pedal pushers. She flings herself into Ray's arms, and hugs his neck in unrestrained joy.

KARIN
Daddy!

Then Annie appears too. They kiss while Mann and Archie wait to be introduced. Finally, Mann clears his throat.

RAY
((beaming)
Karin, Annie...This is Terence Mann.

MANN
Terry.

KARIN
Hiya Terry.

Annie steps forward, wiping some curls from her eyes with a hand that has recently been immersed in flour. She smiles, wipes the hand on the thigh of her jeans, and shakes his hand.

ANNIE
Welcome.

MANN
Thank you.

RAY
And this young fellow is Moon -- uh, Archie Graham.

Karin and Annie shake his hand.

RAY
He's come to practice with the team.

CONTINUED

131 CONTINUED 131

ANNIE
He'll be able to do more than just practice.

RAY
What does that mean?

ANNIE
Come on.

They walk towards the field.

ANNIE
Let's enjoy this place while we still have it.

132 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT 132

Ray and Annie walk silently with their arms around each other as they lead Mann, Archie and Karin to the bleachers.

Mann's eyes widen as several of the players shout greetings to Ray.

SHOELESS JOE
Hi, Ray, welcome back.

RAY
Thanks, Joe. Good to see you.

MANN
Oh my Lord.

RAY
What.

MANN
That's Shoeless Joe Jackson!

RAY
Well of course it is.

MANN
I've seen pictures. Those are the White Sox!

RAY
You mean you still didn't believe me?

MANN
I thought I did, but...Oh my Lord.

They have reached the foul line where Shoeless Joe waits for them.

CONTINUED

132 CONTINUED 132

RAY
Terry, I'd like you to meet Joe Jackson. Joe, this is Terry Mann.

Mann and Jackson shake hands.

MANN
It's a pleasure to meet you.

SHOELESS JOE
Pleasure's mine.
(to Ray)
Ray, I hope you don't mind, but we got tired of just having practices, so we brought another team out with us so we could have some real games.

He points to the visitors' bench, and, indeed, there are a dozen or so more old-time baseball players in old-time baseball uniforms.

RAY
I don't mind. Where'd they come from?

SHOELESS JOE
(chuckles)
Where'd we come from. Man, you wouldn't believe how many guys wanted to play here. We had to beat 'em off with a stick.

ARCHIE
(from the bleachers)
Hey, that's Mel Ott. And Carl Hubbell. Those are the New York Giants!

SHOELESS JOE
With a couple of Cardinals and A's thrown in for good measure. Ty Cobb wanted to play, but none of us could stand the sonofabitch when we were alive, so we told him to stuff it.
(to Archie)
Hey, are you Graham?

ARCHIE
Yes sir.

Ray and Mann are astonished that Shoeless Joe knows who Archie is.

CONTINUED

132 CONTINUED (2) 132

SHOELESS JOE
What the hell you doing on the sidelines? You came here to play ball, didn't you?

ARCHIE
Yes sir.

SHOELESS JOE
Go warm up!

ARCHIE
(thrilled)
Yes sir!

Archie quickly scampers down the bleachers, onto the field, shakes Joe's hand, and runs to the dugout.

MANN
Unbelievable.

RAY
It's more than that. It's perfect.

CUT TO

133 THE GAME 133

The White Sox are in the field, the Giants at bat. A Giant hitter bunts, and the runner on second takes third despite a close throw.

Mann, Ray, Karin and Annie are in the stands, Mann keeping score.

MANN
Does he get a hit for that?

RAY
Karin?

KARIN
Um, no. The batter was trying to sacrifice.

RAY
So how do you score it?

KARIN
Fielder's choice?

RAY
Very good.

CONTINUED

133 CONTINUED 133

Mann is impressed. He lifts Karin up from her seat on the row below them, and places her next to him to help him.

MANN
You better sit here.

Karin beams. Ray taps Mann and points to the plate.

RAY
Look.

Archie Graham -- now wearing a Giant's uniform -- drops one of the two bats he has been swinging in the on-deck circle, and advances on the plate, slashing the air with a brand-new bat the color of vanilla ice cream. He plants himself in the batter's box, then cocks the bat, the top end of it trembling as if he were stirring something, and waits for the pitch.

The pitcher looks in for his signs. Archie stares back. As the pitcher goes into his windup, Archie winks at him.

There is a moment of confusion and then anger on the pitcher's face, and when the ball speeds to the plate it is aimed right at Archie's head. He dives out of the way and hits the dirt hard. The Catcher chuckles through his mask.

CATCHER
Good thing for you that wasn't his fastball.

Archie digs in again at the plate, but backs up just a little. Now his look to the pitcher is one of determination.

ARCHIE
Come on, let's see your fastball.

The pitcher smiles, winds up and throws. Very fast. And right at Archie's chin. Again, he has to dive out of the way. This time, however, he gets right up and immediately appeals to the Umpire.

ARCHIE
Hey, ump, how about a warning?

UMPIRE
Sure. Watch out you don't get killed.

Both benches laugh at that. Archie holds up his hands to call time, and steps out of the batter's box. The on-deck batter, Mel Ott, comes over.

CONTINUED

133 CONTINUED (2) 133

OTT
Okay, kid, first two were high and tight, where do you think the next one's going to be?

ARCHIE
Either low and away, or in my ear.

OTT
He don't want to load the bases. Look for low and away.

Archie nods and starts to walk back to the plate.

OTT
But watch out for 'in your ear.'

Archie takes his place in the batter's box again. He still looks determined, but a little less cocky. The next pitch is a curve that looks as if it's heading right for him. But he holds his ground, and when the ball breaks down and away, he steps in, snaps the bat forward, and hits it.

The ball sails in a high arc to right center. The center fielder backs up a couple of steps, lopes a few strides to his left, and makes the catch.

Archie is out, but the runner on third tags up and scores. As Archie curls across the diamond from the first baseline to the Giants' bench, he hears cheering.

In the stands, Ray, Annie, Karin and Mann are giving him a standing ovation. In return, he touches the brim of his cap, a ballplayer's cool response to adulation.

MANN
(laughs)
Look at that. Mr. Cool.

But when Archie gets to the bench, he can't contain himself anymore. He leaps up and lets out a cheer of pure joy.

DISSOLVE TO

134 THE FIELD - LATER 134

The game has ended, and players are rough-housing and joking as they slowly make their way to the door in the outfield fence. Ray and Mann are talking to some of the players over the fence.

MANN
Where do you go when you walk through that door? What do you do?

CONTINUED

134 CONTINUED 134

CHICK GANDIL
We sleep.

HAPPY FELSCH
And wait.

SHOELESS JOE
We dream.

RAY
You can't leave the field any other way, can you?

SHOELESS JOE
Not if we want to come back.

RAY
I'd love to go with you sometime.

The silence that follows is long and ominous.

RAY
I'd like to see what's out there.

There is still no response.

RAY
I'll take that as a no for now.

He spots Archie jogging off the field.

RAY
Hey, slugger, congratulations!

Archie jogs over.

ARCHIE
Thanks. I can't stop shaking I'm so happy. 'Course, I would've liked a base hit....

KARIN
But you got a RBI!

ARCHIE
I sure did, didn't I?

SHOELESS JOE
(yells back)
A rookie's luck!

They all laugh at that.

RAY
Well come on, this calls for a drink.

CONTINUED

134 CONTINUED (2) 134

Archie hesitates.

ARCHIE
I can't. I'm....

He motions with his head toward the other players disappearing through the outfield door. Ray nods understandingly.

RAY
Good game, Archie.

ARCHIE
Thanks.

MANN
Good night, kid.

Ray, Karin, Annie and Mann watch Archie jog towards the rest of the players. When he reaches the fence, he turns back to them.

ARCHIE
Mr. Kinsella?

Ray turns toward him. Archie looks as if he knows more than he's saying.

ARCHIE
Thank you for bringing me here. I couldn't have wished for anything more.

Ray recognizes there may be more behind those words than just a teenager's pleasure. But he decides not to ask any questions.

RAY
I know. You're welcome.

Archie runs through the door in the fence and vanishes.

CUT TO

135 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING 135

Mann and Karin eat their country breakfasts at one end of the table, while at the other end, Annie and Ray sit in front of the bank books, ledgers, and the sheaf of bills puffed up around the paper spike.

ANNIE
Once we fell behind in the payments, the full amount of the mortgage became due.

CONTINUED

135 CONTINUED 135

RAY
And they own the paper, so they have the legal right to foreclose.

ANNIE
Unless we sell.

RAY
Either way we lose the farm. Maybe we can make it a condition of the sale that they keep the field up.

ANNIE
Forget it. They're buying up single farms all around us, make it one big farm. First thing they'll do is plow under your field.

Ray just sits there, letting that sink in.

CUT TO

136 EXT. FARM - DAY 136

Ray and Mann walking.

MANN
I don't have a lot of money, Ray, but maybe I could pitch in a little.

RAY
Fine. You can put in twenty bucks for groceries.

MANN
That's not what I meant. Maybe the reason you were supposed to find me was so I could help you with this.

RAY
More likely it's that you're supposed to start writing again. About this.

MANN
Don't change the subject.

RAY
You promise to publish and I'll let you chip in from your royalties.

Mann's expression suddenly turns to one of indignation.

CONTINUED

136 CONTINUED 136

MANN
One thing has nothing to do with the other.

RAY
I'm not sure I agree with that.

MANN
You're not only stubborn, you're stupid.

RAY
That I won't argue with.

Annie emerges from the house and calls to Ray.

ANNIE
Honey, that was Mark. He's coming tonight. He needs a decision tonight.

CUT TO

137 THE GAME 137

Again, it's Joe Jackson's Chicago White Sox against the New York Giants, now featuring rookie Archie Graham.

In the stands, Mann keeps score, Karin munches on a hot dog, and Annie and Ray snuggle together to watch the game.

ANNIE
Everything is so perfect here.

RAY
Whatever I have to do to save this place, I'll do.

ANNIE
I know.

Suddenly, Ray snaps his head to the side, as one does to pick up a distant sound.

RAY
He's here.

They look and see Mark's car heading up the gravel lane. He parks the car at the edge of the field, and the game stops as he walks right across it, completely mindless of the players. Since he doesn't see any of them, a few actually have to move out of his way. He approaches the bottom of the bleachers.

RAY
You're interrupting the game, Mark.

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED 137

Mark shakes his head sadly at the thought that these otherwise sensible relations have lost their minds.

MARK
Ray, it's time to put away our little fantasies and come down to earth.

RAY
It's not a fantasy, Mark. They're real.

Mark obviously doesn't see anyone on the field.

MARK
(emphatically)
Who's real?

RAY
Shoeless Joe Jackson. The White Sox. The Giants.
(to Mann)
He can't see any of it.

MARK
And who's that? Babe Ruth?

Ray smiles, savoring the moment.

RAY
As a matter of fact, it's Terence Mann.

MARK
Ah, how do you? I'm Michael Jackson.
(to Ray)
Ray, we have to settle this thing right now.

RAY
I'm not selling you my home.

MARK
You have no money, you've got a stack of bills to choke a pig, and come fall, you've got no crop to sell. But I have a deal to offer you that will allow you to stay on this land.

This has Ray's attention. Mark climbs the bleachers to stand closer to him.

KARIN
Daddy, we don't have to sell the farm.

But no one pays her any attention. All eyes are on Mark.

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED (2) 137

MARK
Let us buy you out, and we'll leave the house. You can live in it rent free as long as you want.

RAY
What about the baseball field?

MARK
Do you realize what this land is worth?

RAY
Over $2200 an acre.

MARK
Then you must realize we cannot keep a useless baseball diamond in the middle of rich farmland.

RAY
No deal, Mark. We're staying.

KARIN
We don't have to go.

MARK
(explodes)
You're virtually bankrupt, and I'm offering you a way to keep your home because I love my sister! I've got partners who don't give a damn about you, and they're ready to foreclose right now!

KARIN
Daddy, we don't have to sell the farm.

MARK
Karin, please!

RAY
Wait.

They all turn to Karin.

KARIN
People will come.

RAY
What people, sweetheart?

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED (3) 137

KARIN
From all over. They'll just decide to take a vacation, see, and they'll come to Iowa City, and they'll think it's really boring, so they'll take a drive. And they'll drive down our road, and they'll see the lights and they'll think it's really pretty.

Ray, Annie, and Mann listen with wonder to this vision.

KARIN
So, the people in the cars? They'll drive up and they'll want to pay us, like buying a ticket.

Mark looks at them all as if they're crazy.

MARK
You're not listening to this seriously, are you?

ANNIE
Yes.

MARK
Why would anybody pay money to come here?

Karin looks at her Uncle Mark as if he were a simpleton.

KARIN
To watch the game. And it'll be just like when they were little kids a long time ago, and it was summertime, and they'll watch the game and remember what it was like.

Ray and Annie couldn't be prouder of their daughter than they are right now.

MARK
What the hell is she talking about?

ANNIE
She's talking about people seeing their memories...touching their past.

RAY
(nods)
People will come.

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED (4) 137

ANNIE
It'll be like one of those tiny, French restaurants that have no sign. You find it by instinct. They'll be drawn.

MARK
Okay, this is all fascinating, but the fact remains that you don't have the money to bring the mortgage up to date, so you still have to sell. I'm sorry, but you have no choice.

He produces a document and hands it to Ray with a pen. Ray looks at it. He doesn't know what to do.

MANN
Ray....

Ray looks at Mann.

138 MANN 138

speaks now as he has not spoken for many years: as Terence Mann, master of words, spellbinder.

MANN
People will come, Ray. They'll come to Iowa for reasons they can't even fathom. They'll turn up your driveway, not knowing for sure why they're doing it, and arrive at your door, innocent as children, longing for the past. 'Of course we won't mind if you look around,' you'll say. 'It's only twenty dollars per person.' And they'll pass over the money without even looking at it. For it is <u>money</u> they have, and <u>peace</u> they lack.

139 MARK 139

pushes the papers forward.

MARK
Just sign the papers, Ray.

140 MANN 140

is not one to give up.

CONTINUED

140 CONTINUED 140

MANN
They'll walk out to the bleachers and sit in shirtsleeves in the perfect evening, or they'll find they have reserved seats somewhere in the grandstand or along one of the baselines -- wherever they sat when they were children and cheered their heroes. They'll watch the game, and it will be as if they'd dipped themselves in magic waters. The memories will be so thick they'll have to brush them away from their faces.

141 MASTER 141

Spellbound, Ray has put the papers down. Mark picks them up again. He is battling Mann for Ray's attention.

MARK
Listen to me. Tomorrow morning, when the bank opens, they <u>will</u> foreclose.

MANN
People will come, Ray.

MARK
You're broke, Ray. Sell now or lose everything.

MANN
The one constant through all the years, Ray, has been baseball. America has rolled by like an army of steamrollers. It's been erased like a blackboard, rebuilt, and erased again. But baseball has marked the time. This field, this game...it's a piece of our past. It reminds us of all that once was good. And that could be again. People will come. People will most definitely come.

Mann has moved everyone (but Mark) with the beauty of his words, and the passion in his voice. Behind him, the assembled ballplayers respectfully applaud.

BUCK WEAVER
(teary-eyed)
That was beautiful....

The other players nod, also teary-eyed.

CONTINUED

141 CONTINUED 141

BUCK WEAVER
(sincerely)
...fuckin' beautiful.

The players on either side of him jab his ribs with their elbows, but Mann, Ray and Annie laugh with pleasure.

MARK
Ray. You will lose everything and you will be evicted.

Ray looks at the paper with dread. He looks at Shoeless Joe and the players. He looks at his family. Then he turns back to Mark. It's decision time.

RAY
I'm not signing.

Mark shakes his head sadly. Annie hugs Ray. The players breathe a great sigh of relief. Mann smiles.

MANN
Ray....

Ray looks up at Mann, who, with a gentle tilt of the head, directs Ray's attention to the house. Ray looks behind him toward the house.

142 RAY'S POINT OF VIEW - CARS 142

have parked in front of the house. More are coming quietly down the driveway. Dozens of cars. Cars with out-of-state license plates.

Some people have gotten out of their cars and wait patiently. One or two families sit on their hoods, or have set up picnic dinners on their station wagons' tailgates.

143 THE BLEACHERS 143

Ray, Annie, Karin and Mann are deeply happy -- but not terribly surprised -- to see these people.

RAY
(sing-song)
They're he-re.

Mark looks at the house and then back at Ray.

MARK
Who's here?

CONTINUED

143 CONTINUED 143

RAY
(with an edge)
You don't see those cars? All those people?

MARK
Don't do this, you son of a bitch! There's no cars, no people....

KARIN
Uncle Mark, I can see them.

ANNIE
We all can.

MARK
You're crazy. You're all bat-shit crazy!

RAY
Watch your language, Mark.

MARK
You build a baseball field in the middle of nowhere, you sit around here and stare at nothing ---

KARIN
It's not nothing.

Mark grabs Karin's arm and pulls her to her feet as if she were "Exhibit A."

MARK
And you've turned your daughter into a goddamn moron!

RAY
Get your hands off her.

Ray rises threateningly, and Mark turns toward him. In so doing, he twists little Karin off balance.

MARK
I'm trying to help you, goddamnit!

In that split second, they hear a strangled gasp, and see Karin falling forward from the top row of the bleachers.

RAY
Karin!!!

144 KARIN 144

Her hot dog flies off, the bun and wiener separating in midair. One small sandal bounces end over end and lands at the foot of the bleacher. It takes forever for her body to come down with a sickening thud on the hard green boards of one of the bottom rows.

145 THE OTHERS 145

rush down to where she lies, face up. Ray is first, but he does not know what to do. Annie and Mann hover. Mark is horror-stricken, but no one knows what to do.

MARK
Oh my God, I'm sorry...Annie...I didn't mean to....

Karin is unconscious, and seems to be fighting for breath. Ray and Annie's eyes meet in anguish.

ANNIE
Should we move her?

RAY
Get the car.

146 ANNIE 146

springs for the house. The tourists by their cars watch quietly.

ANNIE
Is there a doctor? A nurse? Any of you?

They sadly shake their heads no. Annie races inside.

147 BACK AT THE BLEACHERS 147

Most of the White Sox players stand by the left field fence, staring silently.

MANN
How long?

RAY
It's a twenty-minute drive.

Mann winces. He knows that could be fatal. Ray kneels by Karin. Her nose and one side of her face have been scraped by the fall. Blood starts to trickle from her nose, across her cheek and down her neck. She is becoming bluer and her cough is faint, as though she is in another room.

CONTINUED

147 CONTINUED 147

Mark takes off his $300 pale-green velvet corduroy jacket and is wordlessly holding it out to Ray. Ray takes the jacket and covers Karin gently.

Karin is getting paler, bluer; and her breathing more strained and distant.

RAY
Karin....

Then, without reason, Ray slowly turns toward the field. The White Sox stand near him by the fence, the Giants stay around their bench. All except one: young Archie Graham.

148 ARCHIE GRAHAM 148

has noticed the commotion in the bleachers, and he starts to lope across the field.

149 BLEACHERS 149

Annie has pulled the car over and honks. Ray holds up his hand to her to wait. His eyes are on young Archie Graham.

150 YOUNG ARCHIE GRAHAM 150

As Graham gets closer, his features begin to change, and his step slows. He reaches the end of the fence -- around which no player can pass -- and when he emerges from the shadows on the bleachers side, he is no longer young Moonlight Graham, the ballplayer of long ago...but Doc Graham, the old man from Chisholm, Minnesota. His baseball glove has turned into a black doctor's bag.

151 THE BLEACHERS 151

as Doc Graham approaches.

DOC GRAHAM
What have we got here?

RAY
She fell.

Doc kneels beside her and instantly knows what is wrong.

DOC GRAHAM
This child's choking to death.

CONTINUED

151 CONTINUED 151

He picks her up with one hand under her shoulders and the other under her knees, seats himself on the bleachers, and turns her face down. Supporting her chest with one hand, he delivers a series of sharp blows between her shoulder blades with the heel of his other hand.

Annie honks again. Ray waves her to him. Mark cannot believe what he is seeing.

Suddenly, Karin's diaphragm expands as she sucks in air. Doc reaches around and pries her mouth open, releasing a sizable piece of hog dog and bun.

As he turns her over, we can see the blueness disappearing from her face as she continues to breathe deeply. Doc peels back each eyelid in turn, stares at the pupil for a few seconds, and lets the eye close.

DOC GRAHAM
She's okay. I don't think the fall really hurt her, just the dog in her throat. She'll be coming around in a minute or two.

RAY
(sighs deeply)
Thank you, Doc.

Doc looks deeply into Ray's eyes.

DOC GRAHAM
No, son. Thank you.

It just now sinking for Ray what Doc Graham has sacrificed to save the child. Ray looks to the field, and then back at the Doctor.

RAY
Oh, my God, you can't go back.

DOC GRAHAM
It's okay...
(nods knowingly)
It's okay.

152 MARK AND ANNIE 152

Mark is slack-jawed. He has seen something magical happen and cannot explain it.

MARK
I saw...All of a sudden this kid runs off the field and turns into....

CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED 152

He looks questioningly at Annie. She smiles reassuringly.

ANNIE
There's hope for you yet, Mark.

153 RAY AND DOC GRAHAM 153

Doc Graham stands, and picks up his black bag.

DOC GRAHAM
Well, I best be getting back home before Alicia starts to thinking I've got a girlfriend.

He walks around the edge of the fence, and heads for the outfield door. The players respectfully make way for him.

HAPPY FELSCH
Good work, Doc.

EDDIE CICOTTE
Way to go, Doc.

DOC GRAHAM
Thanks, boys. Win one for me, someday, will you?

He passes them.

SHOELESS JOE
Hey rookie!

Doc Graham turns.

SHOELESS JOE
You were good.

Only now do Doc Graham's eyes shine with tears. He smiles, and disappears through the door.

154 ON THE SIDE 154

Karin is coming to, Ray and Annie by her side. Some of the players start to gather up their equipment. Shoeless Joe calls to Ray.

SHOELESS JOE
We're gonna call it a night. We'll see you tomorrow.

RAY
Okay.

CONTINUED

154 CONTINUED 154

MANN
Good night.

Joe starts to trot off the field, then he stops and turns back to the bleachers.

SHOELESS JOE
Hey! You wanna come with us?

Ray's jaw drops.

RAY
You mean it?

SHOELESS JOE
Not you.
(points to Mann)
Him.

RAY
Him?

MANN
Come with you?

SHOELESS JOE
Out there.

MANN
What is out there?

SHOELESS JOE
Come find out.

RAY
Wait a second. Why him?

Shoeless Joe and the other players wait for Mann to join them, ignoring Ray's question.

RAY
I built this field! You wouldn't be here if it weren't for me.

MANN
Ray, for God's sake, I'm unattached. You've got a family.

This takes Ray down a peg or two.

RAY
But I want to know what's out there! I want to see it!

CONTINUED

154 CONTINUED (2) 154

MANN
There's a reason they chose me, just as there was a reason they chose you to find me.

RAY
Oh yeah? Why?

MANN
Because, you big jerk, I gave that interview.

RAY
What interview?

MANN
The one about Ebbets Field. The one that charged you up and sent you all the way to Boston to find me.

RAY
Then you lied to me.

MANN
You were kidnapping me at the time, you asshole! Think of it, Ray: maybe there's an Ebbets Field still floating around out there somewhere. And maybe I'll get to sit in the stands, and watch a twenty-year-old kid with a smooth face and kinky hair try out for the 1948 Dodgers.

RAY
(to Shoeless Joe)
So I do all the work, and all I get is to see everybody else's dreams come true. Is that it?

SHOELESS JOE
What are you saying, Ray?

RAY
I'm saying I'm happy for you, and I'm happy for him, but after all this...what's in it for me?

SHOELESS JOE
Is that why you did this? For you?

MANN
There's something out there for me, Ray. And what a story it'll make: a man being able to touch the perfect dream.

CONTINUED

154 CONTINUED (3) 154

RAY
Then you'll write about it?

MANN
You bet I will.

Annie walks Karin over. Ray bends down to Karin's face.

RAY
How you feeling, honey?

KARIN
Stupid.

Ray laughs and hugs her. He looks up at Annie.

RAY
Terry's been invited to go with the players.

ANNIE
You mean 'out'?

RAY
(nods)
Out.

ANNIE
(hums Twilight Zone theme)
Doo-doo-doo-doo. Be careful.

She smiles brightly and gives Mann a kiss on the cheek. Mann shakes Ray's hand.

RAY
I want a full description.

MANN
You take care of this family, Ray.

Mann joins several of the White Sox as they leave the field.

155 MARK 155

is absolutely dumbfounded as he sees the players fade out upon walking through the outfield gate. He turns to Annie.

MARK
He just...Where'd he...?

CONTINUED

155 CONTINUED 155

ANNIE
You go inside and lie down. I'll explain later.

Mark walks off toward the people in their cars outside the house.

MARK
Where'd all these people come from...?

156 BACK AT THE FIELD 156

Only a few players are left on the field.

RAY
We're keeping this field.

ANNIE
You bet your ass we are.

Ray realizes Shoeless Joe is staring at him, with a shit-eating grin on his face.

RAY
What....

Shoeless Joe just keeps smiling.

RAY
What're you grinning at, you ghost?

SHOELESS JOE
'If you build it....'

He nods toward where the catcher is taking off his gear at home plate.

SHOELESS JOE
'...he will come.'

Ray looks at the Catcher. The hairs on the back of his neck begin to stand up.

RAY
Oh, my God.

ANNIE
What is it?

RAY
It's my father.

157 THE YOUNG CATCHER 157

has taken off his mask. He is in his early twenties. He is in the same pose as the photo we saw in the prologue.

158 RAY AND SHOELESS JOE 158

Ray blanches and turns to Shoeless Joe, his voice a strangled whisper.

RAY
Say it ain't so, Joe.

SHOELESS JOE
I'm afraid it is, kid.

The Catcher is now walking toward Ray.

RAY
(finally understanding)
'Ease his pain...'

SHOELESS JOE
(smiles and nods)
'Go the distance.'

When he says those words, Shoeless Joe sounds just like The Voice.

RAY
It was you.

159 SHOELESS JOE 159

SHOELESS JOE
No, Ray. It was you.

Shoeless joe winks and walks away, disappearing through the door in the outfield fence.

160 RAY AND ANNIE 160

The Catcher is halfway across the field. Ray turns to Annie. He cannot even swallow.

RAY
My God, I only saw him later, when he was worn down by life. Look at him.

The young Catcher has reached the outfield grass. Ray walks down to the edge of the outfield.

CONTINUED

160 CONTINUED 160

RAY
He has his whole life in front of him, and I'm not even a glint in his eye. What do I say to him?

ANNIE
Introduce him to his granddaughter.

Ray cannot believe how wonderful Annie is. The Catcher has reached the edge of the field, and now stands before Ray and Annie.

CATCHER
Hi, I just wanted to thank you folks for putting up the field and letting us play here. I'm John Kinsella.

They shake his hand.

RAY
I'm Ray. My wife Annie. And this is my daughter, Karin.
(to Karin)
Karin, this is....

He almost says "My father."

RAY
...John.

KARIN
Hi, John.

JOHN
Hiya, Karin.

Ray and Annie are beaming. Annie takes Karin's hand.

ANNIE
We're going to let you two talk. I have to go look after our guests. Someone's gotta start collecting admission if we're going to keep this place.
(to the Catcher)
Very nice meeting you.

JOHN
M'am.

51 ANNIE 161

hoists Karin up and totes her toward the tourists waiting in front of the house.

162 RAY AND JOHN 162

watch them for a while, then start to stroll across the field.

RAY
You catch a good game.

JOHN
Thank you. It's so beautiful here. Its like...well for me, it's like a dream come true.

Ray cannot speak. He nods.

JOHN
Can I ask you something?

Again, Ray nods.

JOHN
Is this heaven?

Ray smiles and shakes his head no.

RAY
It's Iowa.

JOHN
Iowa. I could've sworn this was heaven.

163 RAY 163

stops and looks intently at John. He asks this question as if he were asking the secret of life. Maybe he is.

RAY
Is there a heaven?

164 JOHN 164

takes time to answer that. He looks up at the night sky and searches it.

JOHN
Oh, yeah....

Then he looks square into Ray's eyes.

JOHN
Heaven's where dreams come true.